APRIL 13,
1935

Liberty

5¢

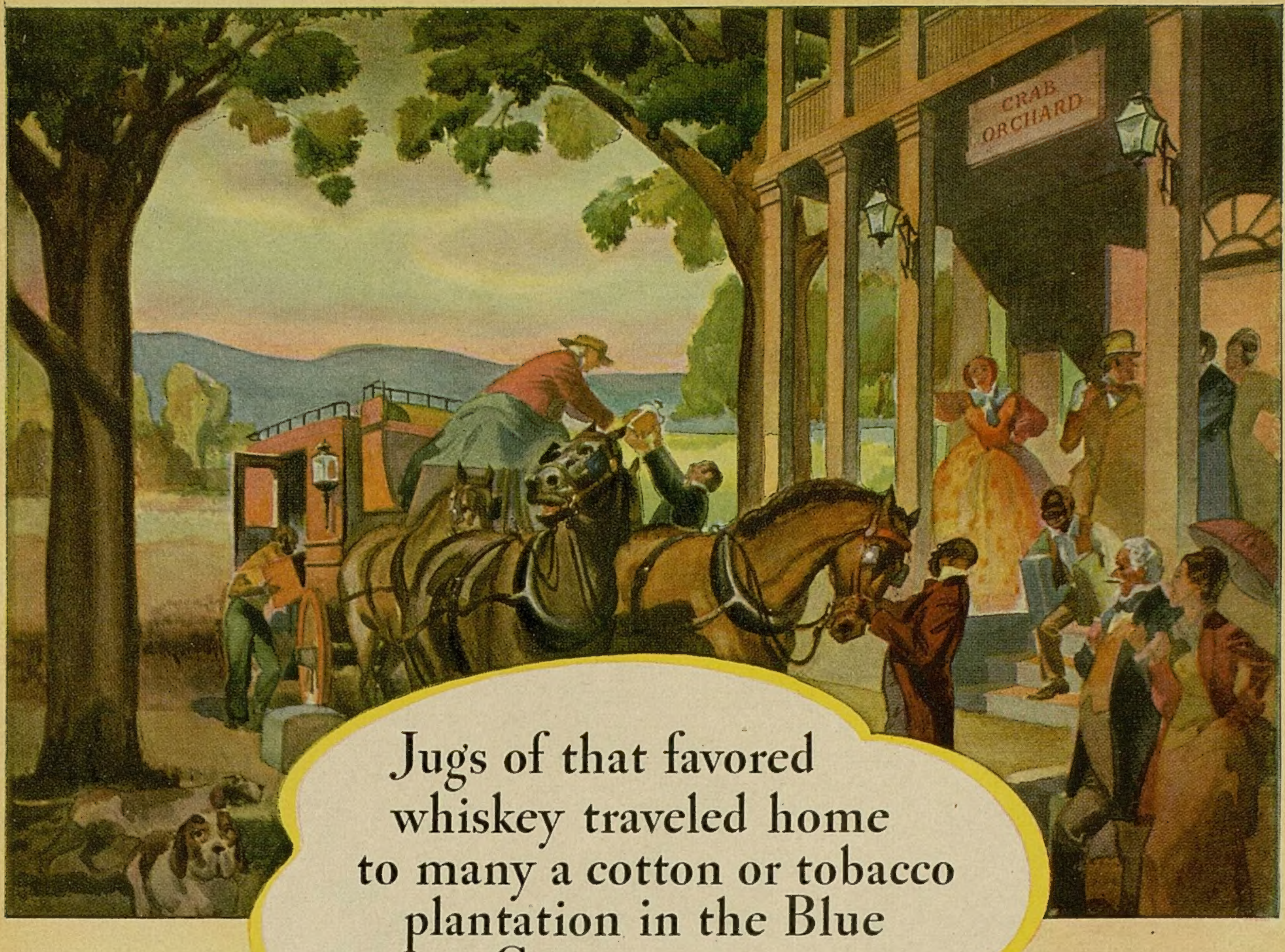
NRA
CODE

GRAND CENTRAL PICK-UP

by
KATHLEEN NORRIS

IS THE UNITED STATES SLOWLY STARVING?

by CHARLES W. BURKETT



Jugs of that favored whiskey traveled home to many a cotton or tobacco plantation in the Blue Grass country

DEPARTURE from the quaint old hotel in Crab Orchard, Kentucky, was an event to be long remembered.

As they rolled away, guests might recall, with misty-eyed reminiscence, the golden-brown fried chicken, the crisp pone sticks, and other good old southern delicacies that had made Crab Orchard cooking known from Cumberland Gap clear up beyond the lazy Ohio.

They might look back and long for the clear, healthful waters of Crab Orchard's famous limestone spring.

But the menfolks took one memento with them. Grinning darky boys tenderly deposited, beside the master's feet, a jug of that rich red Bourbon which helped the tiny town of Crab Orchard spread its fame.

For this local whiskey was not only rich and red and mellow—it was economical, and that was also important in those days shortly after the peace of Appomattox.

It was that same reputation of goodness combined with economy which suddenly lifted Crab Orchard to national fame, more than sixty years later.

There had been another war, then prohibition, then repeal. People were searching for a straight whiskey made the good, old-fashioned way—at a price they could afford.

And suddenly they discovered Crab Orchard! Almost overnight, a demand began to grow, which swept across the country. And this local favorite of other years is *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey today.*

Kentucky straight whiskey

Made the good old-fashioned way

Smooth and satisfying to taste

Sold at a price anyone can pay

NATIONAL DISTILLERS *This Emblem Protects You*

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

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Plymouth's "Floating Ride"— She rests while the car speeds smoothly on dirt roads

ONLY PLYMOUTH GIVES YOU ALL FOUR:

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2. SAFETY-STEEL BODY
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4. 12% TO 20% LESS GAS & OIL

Ride in "ALL THREE"...Take them Over The Bumps!

FIND A GOOD tough road that's bumpy...rough...unpaved! And put it up to "All Three" of the leading low-priced cars.

Let *that* tell you the story of the luxurious "Floating Ride" — Plymouth's new miracle in restful riding comfort.

You Relax... and Rest!

The back seat rides as smoothly as the front. No bumps, no "pitching"... at top speeds on unpaved roads! Because Plymouth has redistributed weight on the correct principle the famous "Airflow" cars introduced.

New tapered-leaf springs, twice as soft as old-type springs, soak up the jolts. A sway eliminator in *front* keeps you steady and safe on the curves.

Plymouth's genuine hydraulic brakes... and all-steel body... answer for your safety. It's the safest of all the low-priced cars.

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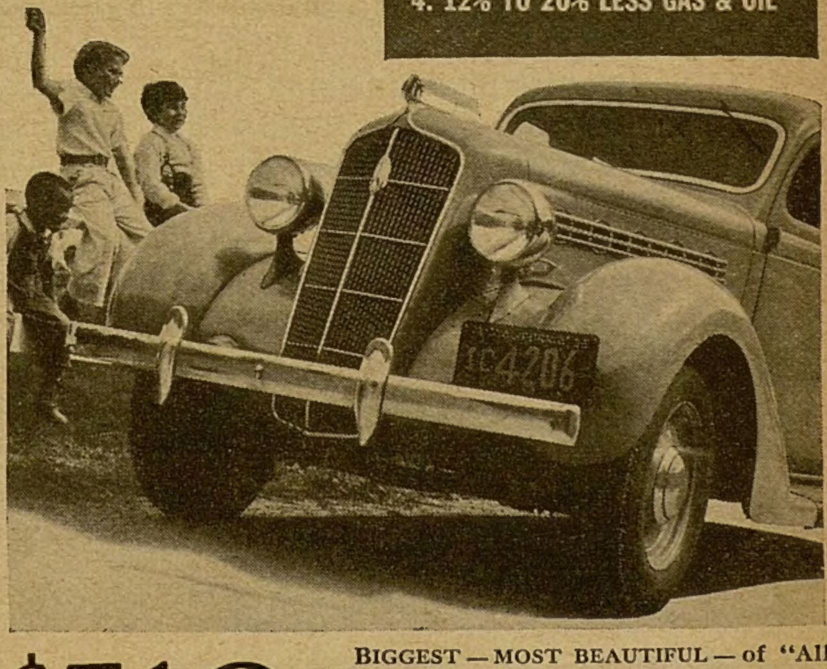
Tell your Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer you want a new Plymouth to drive. Also ask him about the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan that makes it easy to own one now.



PLYMOUTH *Now only* **$510**

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

BIGGEST — MOST BEAUTIFUL — of "All Three" leading low-priced cars... and beneath the streamlined beauty of the new Plymouth is the strength of an all-steel body — all-steel throughout.

APRIL 13, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 15

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

FOOLING THE WORKERS WITH CHEAP LYING TWADDLE

THE editors of some newspapers which are supposedly published in the interests of labor have apparently acquired the impression that the workers are a lot of nitwits. That they can be led or driven like unthinking cattle. That lies and slanderous statements will be swallowed by them as a dry sponge absorbs water.

But the workers of the United States are not fools by any means. They are doing plenty of thinking on their own account at this time. Aside from an occasional dispute about wages, the interests of workers and employers are identical. If this could be understood they would both make more profit and many troubles would be averted.

In a recent issue of Liberty the writer expressed himself very forcibly about the punishment that should be administered to those guilty of communistic propaganda in our public schools. The minds of boys and girls in the formative period should not be exposed to a doctrine that advocates wholesale murder. Visions of a possible revolution similar to that which made Russia a human slaughterhouse inspired these utterances.

But a newspaper supposed to be devoted to the interests of the workers credited the writer's statements to a deep-laid plot by the leading business men and capitalists of the country—all the product of the communistic writer's imagination.

The writer is deeply interested in his own country. He believes we have grown great and powerful through following certain governmental principles, and he believes in defending them to the very last ditch. And it is to the interest of every intelligent worker to do likewise.

The statements made in some labor journals that a few men in Wall Street own the wealth of the country is silly twaddle. Any one with an atom of intelligence knows this to be false.

The business corporations of this country have more than twenty million stockholders. More than forty millions of our citizens are bank depositors. Sixty millions of our people are insurance-policy holders.

With all this evidence of the division of wealth among millions upon millions of our citizens it is ridiculous to think the workers of this country can believe the statements about Wall Street ownership.

Statistical records show that for ten years previous to 1929 nearly a half million active corporations had a net income available for stockholders that averaged only 4 per cent of the gross income. And the fact that the status of the workers in this country is gradually improving is rarely mentioned. The portion of the gross income that went to employees during 1850 was 38 per cent. In 1929 it was 65 per cent. And in 1932 it was 83 per cent.

The communists tell us they want the workers to take over all business. They want to put out what they call the Wall Street owners. In their viewpoint everybody who owns anything is supposed to emanate from Wall Street.

But suppose such a change should take place, and every executive who has earned his position by a lifetime of hard work were to be discharged and the business conducted by inexperienced untrained men. Would the citizens of this country benefit by such a change? There is no question that we would have to pay far more for the products of such a system, and the merchandise would depreciate in quality.

The idea of kicking out the bosses may seem pleasing to some workers at first thought, but no business can run without a boss any more than a body can function without a head. And when one boss is thrown out another one must be installed.

If the workers should take over business and discharge the competent men, they would have to depend upon inefficient inexperienced supervisors. And the results of such a foolish procedure can easily be predicted.

Communism does not believe in individual ownership. In a capitalistic democracy such as we have in this country we are allowed the privilege of owning property. And the millions of home owners, in addition to the twenty million stockholders in corporations, the forty million bank depositors, and the sixty million insurance-policy holders, would undoubtedly strenuously object to parting with the privilege of private ownership. That will be the stumbling block that the exponents of communism will find difficult to overcome in presenting communistic doctrines in this country.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING. . .

. . . *poor fellow!*

How Commercial Credit Company Serves Buyer and Seller

- *Commercial Credit Company purchases current open accounts receivable, notes, and instalment lien obligations from responsible Manufacturers, Distributors and Dealers. Financing plans are provided to cover the time payment sale of automobiles, refrigerators, oil burners, machinery and equipment, air conditioning units, heating plants, store and office fixtures, boats and a score of other such broad classifications, including hundreds of individual products. The service is national in scope, yet completely local through one hundred and forty-two offices located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.*

KING MIDAS thought he was a lucky man. He was the Grade A, number one hoarder of his day. Everything he touched turned to gold. It was okay with him until he discovered that the touch worked on his food and drink too. Then there was grief. He got no nourishment from nuggets—no ease for thirst from a drink of 24 karat metal.

No ruler was ever so happy to get off the gold standard.

With all his wealth, Midas couldn't buy any of the modern comforts and necessities which lighten the labors and add to the joys of our daily life. Without the wealth of Midas—without long hoarding or harsh privations, *you* can buy them and enjoy their use while paying for them.

Time payment financing has wrought a greater miracle than the touch of Midas—has turned the hopes and desires of millions of average Americans into golden realization. Within the span of twenty-three years it has broadened markets for manufacturers, increased production, created jobs for armies of workers. It has enabled America in the mass to enjoy hundreds of modern devices for the promotion of health, comfort and happiness.

Character and credit, the fundamentals of success in time payment financing, must be inherent in the *financing company* as well as in the buyer and the seller.

The evidence of Commercial Credit Company's character and financial stability is plain. In twenty-three years of service it has established an enviable reputation for honesty, fair dealing and safety.

Employing 1800 people and $41,000,000 of capital and surplus, its volume of business was nearly $400,000,000 last year. It has helped to open vast markets for industry; to step up production; to lower manufacturing costs and selling prices; to provide jobs for millions of workers.

But time payment financing should not be considered merely as a factor in retail transactions. This year industry is invoking its aid for the replacement of old and outmoded equipment. In thousands of plants the operating economies effected by modernization will, in a relatively short time, more than offset the outlay. Commercial Credit Company is helping to finance such purchases and solicits inquiries from every industry interested in this phase of its service.

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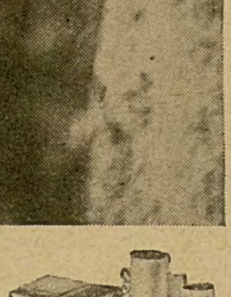
Wherever You Are • Whatever You Make, Sell or Buy • Use Commercial Credit Service

Do you hate being hampered?

Are you one of those who rebel at the nagging little restraints of life? Do you like a free rein, and your fun in big measures? You ought to get introduced to Spud! For grant to Spud this little addition to the art of enjoying life: *it freed our daily pleasure of smoking from the annoying restrictions of a dry, stale mouth.* Spud took the limits off smoking enjoyment when it took the *heat* out of smoke. You can forget how many you smoke—but you'll never forget that clean, fresh taste.



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15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

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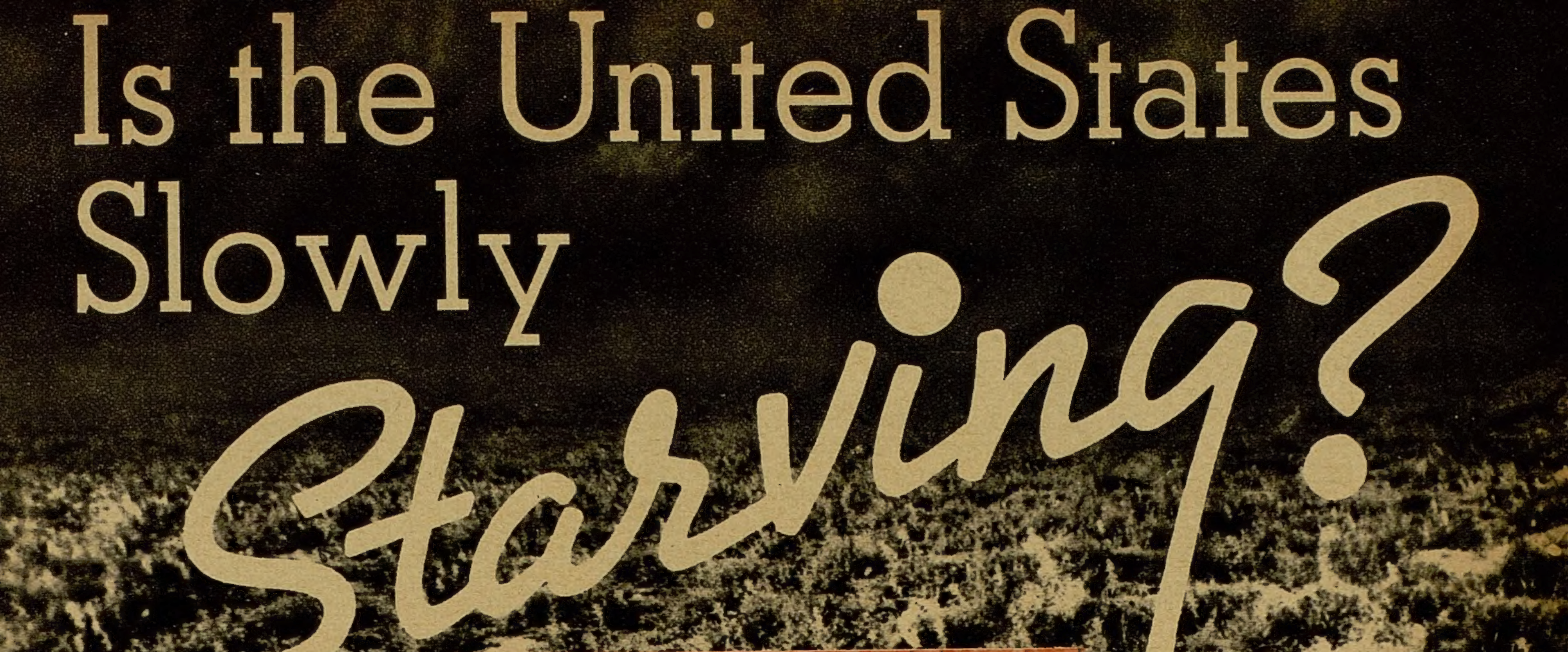


Is the United States Slowly Starving?

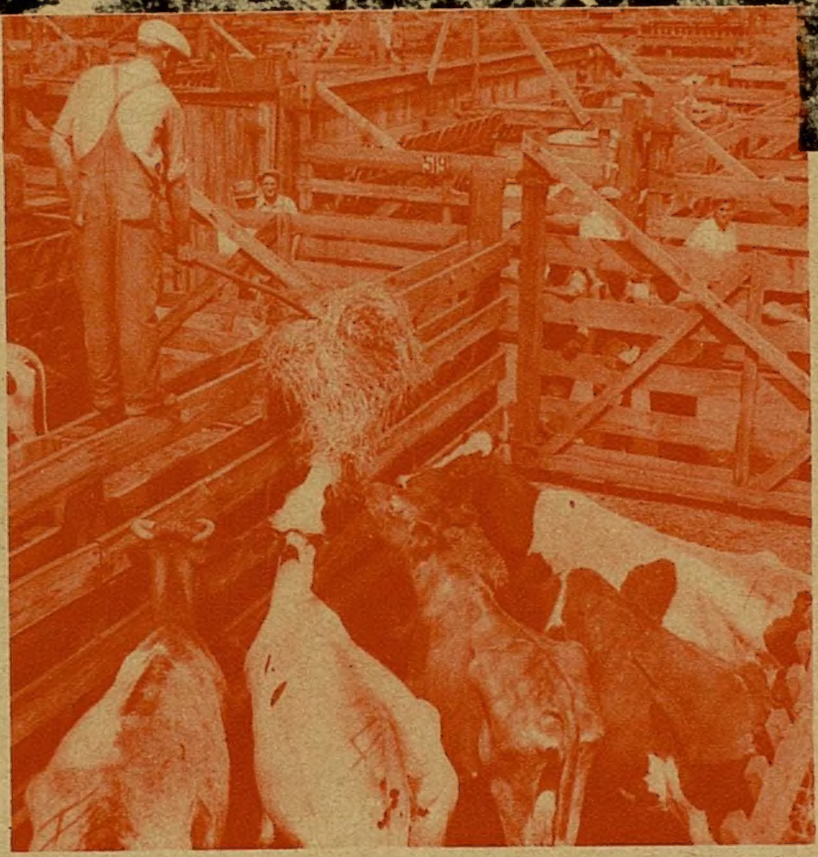
Int. photo

A Look at Some Startling Facts and Figures Which Indicate—Not Plenty—but an Imminent Shortage of Food!

by

CHARLES W. BURKETT

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



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Cattle from last summer's drought regions being fed in Milwaukee's stockyards.

HAS the United States too much food?

Have we such a superabundance that it is necessary: To kill millions of pigs? To destroy millions of cattle? To slaughter millions of sheep? To plow under millions of acres of growing wheat and corn, and drastically to limit further production?

Is this shocking destruction necessary?

Far from it! The fact is that this country, thanks to that program of destruction, is faced with an actual shortage of cattle, pigs, and sheep; and that we have deliberately destroyed the wheat, corn, and other fodder crops that would have made it possible to feed a sufficiency of the farm animals on which we are dependent for our beef, pork, mutton, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs.

More startling than that—

During the year of our greatest productivity—1929—there was not overproduction but underproduction for our needs. Though 1929 was a banner year, yet estimates published by the Department of Agriculture show that we then produced 17 per cent less food than the American people would have consumed if they had all they wanted to eat. The shortage in the less productive years since 1929 has been even greater. And yet, on the theory that gross overproduction was keeping farm prices down, we have gone forward with a program of food destruction that is probably without a parallel in the whole long history of human stupidity.

We now stand face to face with the consequences of our folly. We shall almost certainly face a severe food shortage during the next fifteen months, and perhaps longer. The drought of 1934 added to the destruction of food accomplished by the United States government. Even a minor drought in 1935 will suffice to bring the American nation to the borders of starvation.

There are millions of Americans with low incomes who have not had enough of the right foods to eat in the past, who, in still greater numbers now, must subsist on a diet that is far below that prescribed by the United States Department of Agriculture as necessary to maintain health, efficiency, and happiness.

But things may quite possibly come to a pass where you yourself, whatever your income, will be faced with the prospect of a controlled diet, with government telling you how many pounds of this or that you can have each week, and with officers hounding food hoarders.

A drought of any considerable severity in 1935 will be more than sufficient to develop just such a situation as that. The contingency is by no means remote; it is likely. In fact the Weather Bureau at Washington says flatly that subsoil moisture is so depleted that nothing short of unusually heavy rains will prevent drought conditions this summer.

If the reckless slaughter of animals and crops had not

reduced our food reserves, the American people would have enough to eat even if there were another drought like that of 1934. But as it is, we face the probability of a food shortage such as has never been known before in American history. It won't be famine, but it will be plenty bad, at that.

Any way you look at it, the result of even a minor drought this year will be to make food prices high, employment scarce, and wages low.

It is high time we woke up. Let's face the facts.

The simplest way to come at them is to consult the table of per-capita food requirements of the American people under American standards of living as set forth in Circular 296, issued by the Department of Agriculture. The Liberal Diet prescribed in that circular is based on food standards recommended by our most eminent authorities on nutrition. Such a diet would promote national health and well-being to the highest degree. At present we don't even come within sight of it.

Here is the Liberal Diet, showing the amounts and kinds of food which should be annually consumed per capita:

FOOD	POUNDS
Flour and other cereals	100
Milk, fresh and evaporated	656
Irish and sweet potatoes	155
Dried beans, peas, and nuts	7
Tomatoes and citrus fruits	110
Leafy, green, and other vegetables	135
Dried fruits, raisins, prunes, etc.	20
Other vegetables and fresh fruits	325
Butter	35
Other fats, bacon, and salt pork	17
Sugar, molasses, and other sweets	60
Lean meats, poultry, and fish	165
Eggs (360 individual) in pounds	34
Total, annual poundage	1,819

The right of every American citizen to such a diet as that should be undoubted. It is basic. And the only reason the American people have not demanded and bought from the farmers all the farmers could produce is simply that the prices have been too high relative to city incomes; or, if you prefer, that city incomes have been too low relative to farm prices. The real problem is to achieve a balanced adjustment between food prices and city incomes, rather than to force food prices up so as to widen the already tremendous gap.

The year 1929 was one of relatively large agricultural production, or of "overproduction," according to the food destructionists. And yet a comparison of the 1929 production figures with those called for by the Liberal Diet make it evident at a glance how far short we fell of our real necessities. Such a comparison reveals a production shortage in fruit of 39 per cent; in vegetables, 10 per cent; dried fruits, 69 per cent; milk, exclusive of that used for butter, 33 per cent; butter, 51 per cent; sugar products, 30 per cent; beef, pork, mutton, poultry, and fish, 9 per cent; eggs, 27 per cent.

The significance of all this is evident to anybody who has ever bought these staple foods on a limited income. That shortage of 39 per cent in fruit means that if the price of fruit in the cities, relative to incomes, had not been so high, we would have consumed at least 39 per cent more fruit than we did if that much had been available. Also that the fruit-growing farmers would have made up, in terms of quantity production and lowered overhead, for the low prices that would have resulted from so abundant a production.

The same applies to vegetables, and with particular force to milk. If milk were cheap, most people would use tremendously more than they do. According to the best nutritional authorities, every adult should consume at least a pint of milk a day, and every child a quart. What would it mean to the dairy farmer if every family used even a quart more of milk daily than it does? Could he then afford to put out milk at a low price, in terms of quantity production, high efficiency, and low overhead? The question answers itself.

All the foods named above are relatively expensive to buy. They are the foods known to be most necessary to the health of the nation, and yet we don't use enough of them. On the other hand we are *over*producing in fats other than butter and in breadstuffs at a tremendous rate; and we are eating more fats and starches than we should eat because they are *cheap.* Our production of fats other than butter in 1929 was 4,708,000,000 pounds, when we required only 2,125,000,000 pounds. Our production of flour in 1929 was 27,725,180,000 pounds, when we required only 10,000,000,000. In short, thanks to high food prices and low city incomes, we are not eating right at all; and incalculable sickness, misery, and death among our people is the result.

What it boils down to is that under the Liberal Diet we need 227,448,340,700 pounds of food, and that in 1929, a banner year, our net available supply of food for consumption was 188,078,340,700 pounds. That means a shortage of 39,370,000,000 pounds, or 17 per cent.

But suppose we conclude that the Liberal Diet is really more than we need. Very well, two other diets are outlined in Circular 296. One is labeled the Moderate Diet, the other the Minimum Diet—which means the minimum on which health can be maintained. Our food production in 1929 fell short of the demands of the Moderate Diet by 18,000,000,000 pounds, and it exceeded those of the Minimum Diet by 33,000,000,000 pounds. That excess over the Minimum Diet represents exactly twelve ounces of food a day per person—a twelve-ounce excess over the cheapest sort of diet available for the entire consuming public on which it is possible to maintain health.

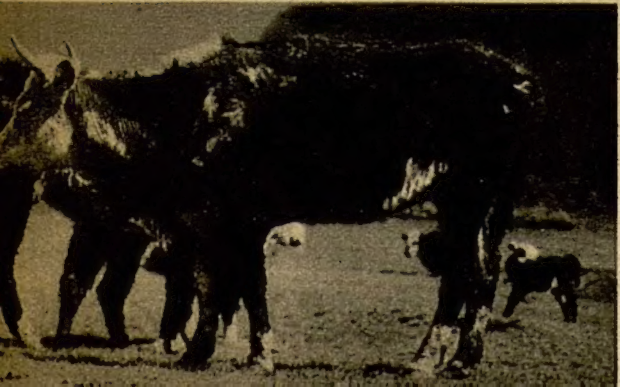
Under this Minimum Diet, essential and costly foods are reduced to their lowest limit, and the victim is called on to eat twice as much bread and three times as many beans as he normally should. And yet even this Minimum Diet is far better than the diet on which millions of Americans of low income are subsisting today.

People can starve by reason of the poor quality of their food almost as readily as they can starve by reason of a food shortage. During the next fifteen months there seems to be a strong chance that the American people will face both kinds of starvation

Grimly the camera tells on these pages the story of last summer's catastrophic drought. Above, at the left: Sheep, starving and thirsty, rushed to market at Morris, Kansas. Below, left to right: Cattle, reduced to skin and bones, on a ranch in South Dakota. A Mid-Western stream bed as dry as any desert. Parched soil blown from the fields into drifts in a farmyard. The desolate waste of dust that was a South Dakota wheat field. A government agent with a rifle mercifully putting famished cattle in western Oklahoma out of their misery. And a stack of corn, with the ears from it, amounting only to a third of the normal yield.

Int. photo

Acme photos



—not in terms of actual famine but of acute shortage. There will be a shortage even if there are abundant rains for the crops of 1935; there will be an *appalling* shortage if there should be a *moderate* drought in 1935; a *big* drought may mean more than a nation having to ration its food—it may mean such a disturbance of prices that we shall go slipping down into another depression. And we have got ourselves into this position of imminent danger by destroying our food reserves.

But, it may be objected, the foods we have been destroying have for the most part been those of which we admittedly had too much. Quite true. But there has been an underproduction of meat, eggs, poultry, and milk —all of them animal products; and the animals that produce them have to be fed wheat and corn. Our wheat and corn could have been used to feed farm animals, and so to make possible the production of an abundance of meat, eggs, poultry, and milk. Instead, we have thrown away the one instrument that would have made such production possible.

The government actually made an effort to cut down on milk production. Fortunately this was one thing that the farmers in most regions fiercely refused to do. But at that, the destructionists did succeed in cutting down the production of milk in some localities.

In view of the known fact that the high price of milk in the cities is the main cause of its limited use, it is very difficult to understand by what reasoning such presumably bright young men as Messrs. Wallace and Tugwell could have struck such a blow at the consumption of our most important single food. At present we are producing a little more than half as much milk as we need. And yet Mr. Tugwell, in July, 1934, made the statement over the radio that there were " seven million head of cattle in the country in excess of an adequate meat and milk supply." The truth is that to meet the present deficiency in milk and butter we need 16,121,000 more milch cows than we now possess, and that our meat production is short by more than 2,000,000,000 pounds.

The Department of Agriculture's estimate of the corn crop of 1934 totaled only 1,471,527,000 bushels, the smallest corn crop since 1881. The smallness of the crop is partly due to the drought and partly due to the reduction of acreage. It is about a billion bushels short of the average annual production of the last ten years. It means a reduced income for every corn and livestock grower. Corn and hogs, supplementing each other, have always been the mortgage lifters of American farms. But we have killed the hogs, and plowed under the corn, and the drought has completed the job; and another drought— Well, there you are.

But, it may be asked, what would happen if the farmers of the country were to go ahead and produce at full capacity? Would not prices fall below production costs by reason of a ruinous glut on the market? So say the gentlemen in Washington. Are they right?

If milk prices, by reason of the abundance of milk, should go down, the city population would consume tremendously more milk, because the lower price would bring it within their reach.

This is true also of meats, eggs, fruits, vegetables; of every really important foodstuff selling in the higher cost range.

The real cause of the farm problem is to be found in the cities. The merry-go-round of relationships between city and country prices shapes up something like this: Because the price of food products has been jacked up artificially by crop destruction, etc., and because the price of most city products has also been jacked up artificially, and because city wages have not risen to match these price changes, it follows that city purchasing power must decline, that it cannot buy freely of farm products, and that consequently farm production must decrease in volume because the farmer lacks a market.

CHARLES W. BURKETT

is a leading writer on agriculture, editor of agricultural and other publications, author of standard books, and a distinguished educator. In 1934 he was Director of the Agricultural Division of the National Survey of Potential Products Capacity.

Now what *normally* happens is that city wages and farm wages go down together. When that decline in wages takes place there results a temporary decrease of purchasing power in both farm and city. Both are in the same boat. As a result of people ceasing to buy, prices come down to meet the decline in wages. When prices come down, demand picks up. That increase of buying and selling calls for increased production, which calls for increased employment. Increased employment creates increased purchasing power among the workers. Increased purchasing power among the workers creates a greater volume of production. Greater volume of production tends to hold prices down and, by a kind of natural economic magic, to give high purchasing power to wages.

Under such conditions labor is freely exchanged, and a great volume of goods produced by widely employed labor goes pouring like a tremendous life-giving flood through the arteries of trade.

The farmer, along with everybody else, has a market for the fruits of his labor.

But note that the whole thing is brought about by automatic processes of adjustment which apparently cannot be duplicated by artificial means. The results that may be expected from the program of destruction are exactly the opposite.

The real cure for the failure of the farmer to find a market for all he can produce must finally be sought in the cities. As things stand, the farmer is paying through the nose for a vast amount of city waste, corruption, high costs, low wages, and the like, because these things destroy his market. Such conditions are the true point of attack; and the deliberate destruction of agricultural wealth merely widens the great gulf which is at present fixed between city and country price conditions. As a result we, the people of the United States, the richest country in the world, so rich that all our economic follies have not been able to destroy us, will probably lack enough to eat during the coming fifteen months.

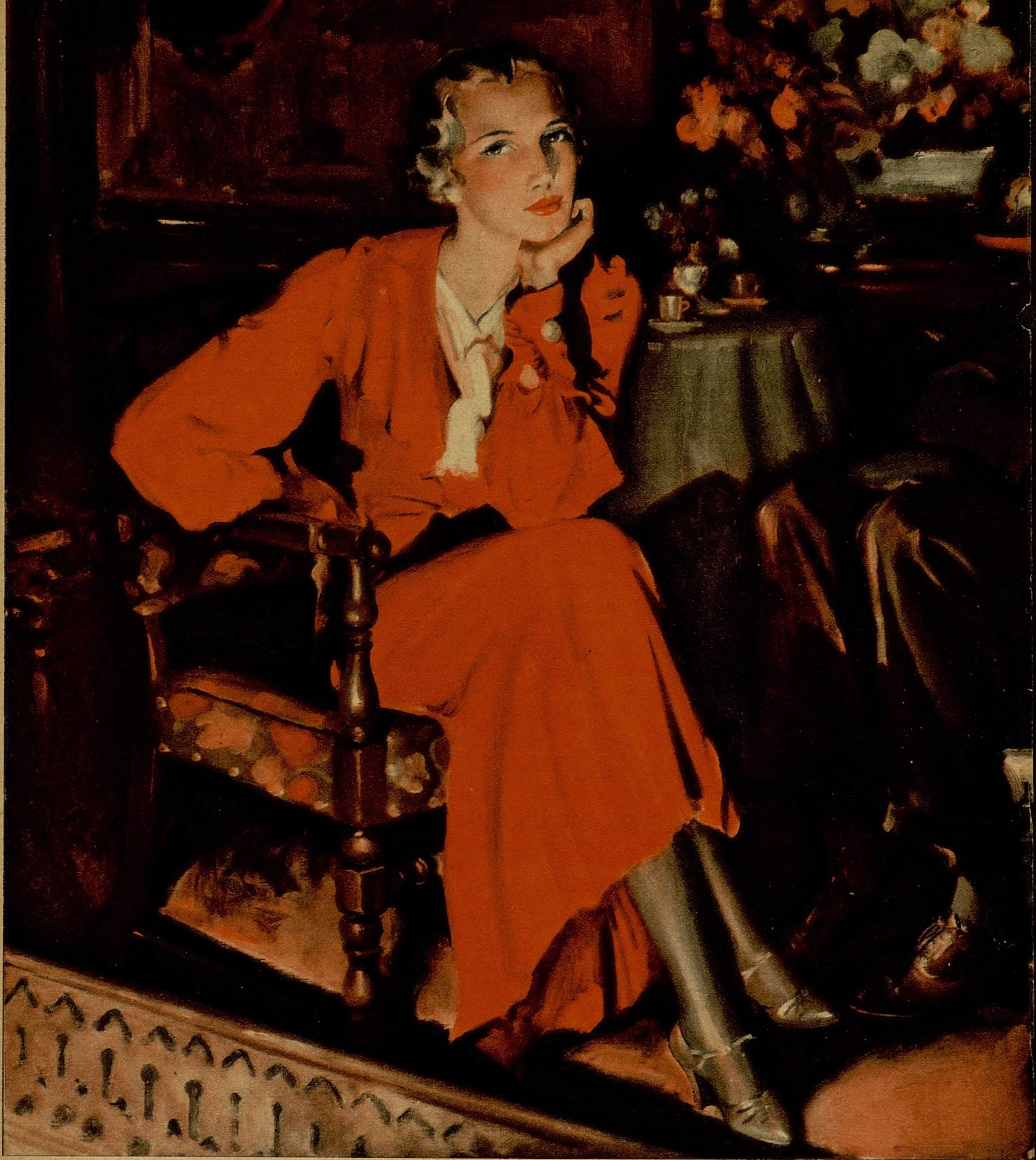
Only one thing can save us—billions of pounds of food for humans and for farm animals, food that is now being imported and that will be imported in increasing quantities throughout the year. Which means that America, instead of being a food-exporting nation, as has been the case throughout our history, has now become a great food-importing country.

How come? Was it sane to destroy food that could have prevented this ordeal? What does the jury say?

THE END

Int. photo

Acme photo



They were talking together easily, unself-consciously, and yet with a sense that their friendship

READING TIME ● 35 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

AFTER a while the girl said steadily and audibly:

"Is there any chance of your taking me to dinner?"

Her neighbor glanced about him. He and she were alone on the end of the long railway-station bench, although hundreds of home-going commuters, coming and going about them, made the spot one of the most populated and least isolated in the entire world. Satisfied, if still surprised, that she was speaking to him, he said simply:

"Why?"

The girl, an eager handsome creature plainly but not shabbily dressed, edged nearer. "Not what you think," she said eagerly. "I'm not hungry. I've—look, I've plenty of money. It isn't that. It's just that—I would so horribly like to go to dinner with some one!"

ad taken a decided stride forward.

GRAND CENTRAL Pick-Up

A Sparkling Story of Springtime and Romance in Manhattan . . . with a Surprise Where You Least Expect It!

by Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATION BY
GERALD LEAKE

Her big white teeth showed in an appealing smile; her words rushed on.

"I'm working," she said. "I've got a good job! But —but it's spring. I've been sitting here wishing that some one—any one of all these people getting on and off trains—was going to meet me. It's so lovely to meet people, and hold out your hands, and laugh and cry, and perhaps have them kiss you! I think," she went on, as the man watched her with a sympathetic smile dawning in his eyes—"I think that when I'm rich I'll hire some one to meet me places, and rush at me and say, 'Mary darling!'"

"Is your name Mary?"

He was not going to snub her; he was not going to get up and walk away!

"No; but the girls people meet usually seem to be Marys, don't they?" she asked animatedly. "I've been waiting here almost since you were, I imagine," she went on. "Your friend isn't coming, is he? Was he due at six exactly? That's when you kept looking at the clock."

“You’re observant,” the man said, smiling. “No; I don’t imagine he’s coming now. He was a small boy, and I was to take him to his grandmother for the Easter vacation. But probably they sent up the car for him and couldn’t get hold of me to let me know. Shall we dine?”

He stood up and the girl stood up, and he got a fair look at her, and saw that hers was a fine and an intelligent face. Perhaps she saw something in his face at the same time that impressed her, for she said in quick flushed apology: “Is this an awful thing to do?”

“Nothing awful about it. We’re civilized people. We both have to eat.”

“Was it your own small boy you were meeting?”

“No. I’m not married, Miss—I don’t know your name?”

“I’d so much rather you didn’t, if you don’t mind. And don’t tell me yours. You can call me Miss Anything—”

“Why not Mary?”

“Mary, if you will. And tell me something to call you,” the girl said, mounting the rise to the street at his side. “We’ll have dinner, and then say good night, and that’ll be all. I don’t want to know who you are and I’m sure you don’t want to know who I am. But by just doing this,” she ended, with a momentary return to her eager, almost distressed manner, “you’ll do me the greatest favor in the world. Really you will! You don’t mind terribly, do you? What’ll I call you?”

“You might call me John. It isn’t my name.”

“John, then. I love the name of John!”

“Where are we going? Where are your confederates waiting for me with the gas pipe?” John asked.

The girl laughed.

“Not any place too swanky, but with music and lights and freesias and—spring!” she decreed. “Quiet—so we can talk.”

They had entered a big Park Avenue hotel now, and John was guiding her between the empty tables to a quiet corner where they could hear the soft music and watch the show without being seen. The evening was still early; it was not yet seven o’clock. Unwonted soft twilight lingered in the streets and at the windows, and the scent not only of freesias but of roses and stock and all the sweet spring flowers was in the air.

“OH, this is so lovely!” Mary said at last, when they were seated near an open window, and when she had loosened her plain coat to show a smart if well worn frock with crisp lines of fresh white at wrists and throat. “This is exactly what I wanted to do!” she said. And then gratefully, with a flash of her wide smile for him, she added, “I’ve been in an office and a boardinghouse and the subway all day—and all yesterday—and for weeks—and months,” she said, appealing to him simply. “And I imagine I sort of lost my mind! You think I’m crazy, of course.”

“No, I don’t. I don’t think you’re crazy at all.” He was a charming man, really, with his pleasant voice and his kind courteous manner, she thought. “I can imagine how you felt, although I’ve never been in exactly that position,” he said. “I’ve never lived in a boardinghouse, I mean. I’ve always had my family around me.”

“Your family is probably wondering where you are now, then?” Mary said on a rising tone.

“Oh, no; I’m quite alone now. I’ve an apartment up here on Fifty-fourth. My mother’s—there’s nobody here but myself now. No,” John said, with his nicest smile; “I’m enjoying this adventure, and I wish you would!”

“If you only knew how I *am!*” She had removed her coat and had done something swift and adroit to complexion and lips and the waves of hair that showed under her hat.

“Well, let’s talk,” said John. “You were tired of the office and the boardinghouse and the subway. So what?”

“So I really didn’t want to go home. I call it a boardinghouse, but it isn’t, really. I wish it were!” Mary said. “It’s just two old Germans, a man and his wife, both over sixty. There are only two boarders, myself and an old Fräulein who has a job as a companion; she only comes home once a week or so. It gets horribly quiet and lonely! The old lady—I call her ‘Tante’—is the sort that reads all the papers and does all the puzzles and talks about all the Lost and Found advertisements. She reads them aloud to the doctor; he’s got bad eyes. And she cooks him noodles and sausages and things like that—all good, you know, but not exciting. But the house is clean, and the sheets are linen, and I only pay—I’d be ashamed to tell you what. And then, they knew my mother, and they love me—they call me ‘Liebchen,’ and that makes it nice. But it *is* dull!”

“What about the nice young man from the office who asks you to go to pictures with him?” John asked.

“Oh, he?” Her color came up. She laughed. “I tell him no. I’m not interested. Seriously,” she said, “there isn’t any such person.”

“Why not?”

“Well—I don’t know. But if there had been some nice man—I don’t mean a sweetheart, but some good friend—waiting to take me to dinner, or a picture, or anywhere, tonight,” Mary expanded it, “I wouldn’t have—

“And I don’t know why I did,” she interrupted herself to say, studying his face with a puzzled little smile. “Except that you looked—friendly, and not too young—”

“That’s the first thing you’ve said that I don’t like!” John protested. “I’m thirty-four. One still has an interest in life at thirty-four.”

THEY laughed together and were friends, and suddenly to both it seemed pleasantly exciting to be dining together in the hotel dining room with the lights softened and the music playing.

“Here we are,” John said, “in a city of six million, having dinner and talking like old friends, and not knowing each other’s names!”

“And we mustn’t know each other’s names,” the girl said, with an alarmed look. “We must never see each other again. This is a complete adventure in itself. I think of myself asking a strange man to take me to dinner, talking to him in a railway station, and all that saves me is to think, ‘Ah, well, he doesn’t know me, and he never will!’”

“I know quite a few things about you,” John said. “You’re smart and quick-witted and—and you’re a lady, and you have a keen sense of humor. I think that’s a good deal to know.”

“You’re very nice to put the ‘lady’ in, after my carryings-on in the station,” Mary said gratefully. “I don’t suppose a man has any idea how awful it is to be a decent girl and not to know how to have any fun—to get started having fun. Any girl,” she added thoughtfully—“any girl feels that once she got *started* she could keep the ball rolling. But how to get started?”

“I suppose that *is* a problem.”

“Problem! And there are just a few years, you know, and they simply *race.* You’re nineteen—and then you’re twenty-four—and then you’re thirty, like lightning!”

“You’d be—what? Twenty—what?”

“I’m pushing twenty-seven, as we say in old Ireland. I wish it was sixteen! But since we’re not to see each other again, you may as well know the stark unvarnished truth.”

Her eyes were grayish blue, the lashes thick and black. Her mouth was large; her complexion pale and clear except when she flushed; it was delightful to see the color rush up under its transparence. Her hair had a certain warmness in its brown, like cherry wood. She had a fine thin long hand, ivory clean, with blue veins showing at the wrist. Her coat, her hat, her bag, her silk dress were all dark blue. She had pearls in her ears and a small string of creamy pearls about her round creamy throat. On her high cheekbones were a few fine pale freckles. Her voice had a husky note in it. John found her charming.

He told her his college had been Yale; they talked of books and of shows. At eight o’clock he left her for a few minutes and came back with two slim tickets fanned in his hand.

“We’re going to see The Barretts,” he said. He sat down laughing. “Did you think I was leaving you to pay the check?” he asked.

“I did have an awful moment! But I’ve money enough,” the girl said. She resumed the look of rapture his question had for an instant interrupted. “Oh, but how *wonderful* of you! You didn't have to do that!"

"I know I didn't have to do that. But you said you'd not seen it, and I've not seen it either. It seemed a good chance. What'll we do if any one recognizes us and says 'Hello, Archibald,' or 'Hello, Susanna'?"

"Nobody'll recognize *me*," Mary said firmly.

"And I don't think any one will me. We'll have to risk that, anyway."

"This is so much more than I either bargained for or deserve," Mary murmured as he put her into a taxi, "that I shall presently be advising all girls to pick up all men in all railway stations, and the national morals will go completely to the dogs!"

Much later, when they were walking back toward Fifth Avenue under bright cold stars, she said in a suddenly serious tone:

"John, I don't know how to thank you for being so nice to me. I was down and out tonight. I have a job; I have enough money; I have a good home—"

"With noodles and potato soup and apple strudel in it," he supplied as she paused.

"With all of those, and more too. But somehow it didn't seem to count tonight—all that I had. You've helped me, more than you'll ever know. I don't know who you are, but I know you were sorry for me, and that you're kind—kind all through—and I—I do thank you!" Mary said, becoming a little confused and incoherent at the finish. "Now I'm going to take a taxi," she ended. "So it's good night and good-by. Only—just one more thing.

"You'll think this all over," she said, "as I will. If we—if you, I mean, because I think I know what I'll do—if you really should want to see me again, come to that same bench in the station at that same time any—what's today?—any Tuesday. Perhaps I won't be there, but I think I will. Perhaps you'll come, but somehow I'm afraid you won't. But if you do, let's keep up the incognito. I don't want you ever to know that I'm the sort of girl who picks up men—"

Belle Pemberton

He had been standing facing her, looking down—for she was not very tall—and holding her small hand in his big gloved one. Now he said:

"Ah, forget that silliness! What does that matter! I may not be able to keep our appointment—" he went on slowly, and again he saw, in the light of the street lamp, the quick color rise under her clear skin.

"It isn't an appointment!" she said quickly.

"Well, whatever it is, I may not be able to keep it," John recommenced painstakingly, "because I may have to leave town."

"I *quite* understand."

"On the other hand," he said, trying to lessen the hurt, "I may be sitting there patiently in the Grand Central for the next fifty-two Tuesdays, watching the clock—and no Mary!"

"But anyway a million thanks!" Her tone was cold. She pressed his hand, stepped into the theater current of Sixth Avenue. He saw her signal a taxi, jump into it. She was gone.

"A man talking to an unknown girl; that's an adventure, all right," John said half aloud. "'Mary,' eh? Well, perhaps I'd better keep away from the Grand Central for a while on Tuesday afternoons!" . . .

For the next Tuesday afternoon he deliberately made a business engagement in Hartford. He got back to town at eight o'clock, and walked into the station waiting room. A girl in a blue dress was waiting on the bench he already described in his thoughts as "our bench." But she was not Mary—not in the least like Mary. John's heart, which had given an odd plunge of dismay, delight, and excitement, settled again. He thought about Mary every day, and several times a day. There was a peculiar thrill and heartbeat to the thought of her. But on the second Tuesday John was in bed with a heavy cold, and as six o'clock came about he merely looked at the clock, wondered if she were there waiting for him in the station.

On the third Tuesday he was there before she was—walking up and down outside the row of benches, an unwonted agitation in his heart, expectation, fear, reluctance, and hope all having their way with him. She would not come, of course. No girl in her senses, no girl with any pride—and Mary had lots of pride—would accept an affront such as he had given her and forgive it.

But possibly, he thought suddenly, with an enormous sense of relief, possibly she had not been there for the two preceding Tuesdays either. Perhaps she had been evading him as he had her. Mary—Mary. He said her name to himself, and invested her with all the glory of the woman desired and lost.

In the end it was all very commonplace. She came in quickly, and looked at the end of the long bench, and not seeing him, looked about, found him, and came over to him with an outstretched hand and a smile. Just a nice girl, a working girl, in rather shabby but smart clothes. Romance went out of the world for John, and everything was quite commonplace for a few minutes. But somehow, as they started off into Forty-second Street's traffic and crowds, his hand companionably steadying her arm, his voice at her ear where the hair curved under the blue hat, it seemed good to have this girl Mary, and to be John, and to be together again. He had thought in these three weeks of many things he would like to say to her, and he had phrased them rather neatly to himself as he went through his quiet rather solitary days.

They lingered over their dinner tonight until almost nine. Then Mary said that she was tired and didn't care for a movie. Could they talk a few minutes more and then separate? So they talked on for many more than a few minutes. Their oddly limited knowledge of each other only made the beginning of friendship the more absorbing. Mary could talk freely of her childhood in Glendale, California. Her father and brother still lived there; but her father had married again, and while Mary liked her young stepmother, she had felt that she must break away and make her own life.

John told her in return of his little-boy days. He saw her smiling eyes film sympathetically when he spoke of the death of his mother, and had a moment of wondering exactly where all this was taking them—taking her and taking him. But Mary was a flashing conversationalist and she never let him stay on any one subject very long.

Always under their talk ran the thread of caution. Mary never betrayed herself. If John strayed close to revelations she would warn him lightly and quickly: "Look out—look out—don't tell me who your friends are at Oyster Bay!"

It was at their fourth or fifth meeting that he told her that he was getting darned tired of it. Mary only laughed, unimpressed; she made no disclosures.

Then came the event that seemed like a miracle to them both.

It happened on a Saturday. Mary walked out of her way from the office to go through the station waiting room, and on the familiar bench sat John. That was all; yet that was breath-taking. It was one o'clock in the afternoon; they had had no appointment. They moved toward each other completely unaware that there was any one else in the world. They linked hands; they smiled as if they never could stop smiling.

“How'd you know?” they asked each other. And on that day there was no question of what they wanted to do. They lunched at once; then they rode on a bus top out into the greenness of the spring, along the blue river bank, and far down again through the arch into the park. And through the enchanted hours ran the additional enchantment—the knowledge that they had wanted each other at the same moment and had gone straight to the meeting place!

“I'd like to give you something in silver and enamel for your cigarettes, Mary,” John said that day. “But I don't know what initials to put on it.”

“Put ‘Mary,’” she answered steadily; “then it'll mean twice as much as any other name.”

“If I thought you'd surely give me another chance to see you, surely, surely, surely—cross your heart and hope to die—I'd tell you something. Cross your heart and hope to die if you don't meet me next Tuesday, and I'll give you a hint.”

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” the girl agreed cheerfully. But she had turned a little pale. “Tell me now.”

“Well—no, I'll not tell you now,” John said, with a sudden change of manner. “I'll tell you Tuesday night. That's—this is Saturday—that's only two nights, isn't it? What are we doing now?—it's nearly five. What about dinner tonight?”

“I have to work tonight. Truly I do.” Her fingers pressed his. She turned away, was instantly lost in the river of men and women that was pouring homeward at the close of the warm, languid day. John looked for a moment for the well known hat; it was no use. If he ever lost her this way in the big city, he never could find her again! Too many girls, too many blue hats, too many street turnings—

On the following Tuesday, when they met, an untimely dusk had shut down over the spring city; the sky was close and leaden, a sulphurous warm rain was falling in thick sheets. Mary's raincoat enclosed her in blue glass. Her hair was curled up by the rain, her cheeks rosy and fresh, and she was breathless.

“I've been running through it!” she exclaimed, grasping his hands. “It's simply fearful! You'll have to come home with me and eat noodles and sausages; we can't go anywhere tonight!”

“You wouldn't take me home with you?” John asked.

“No, I couldn't,” the girl said, her manner changing, her smile fading. “I forgot.”

“Sometime you'll forget and then I'll really know you, Mary.”

“But that wasn't the agreement!”

“I know it wasn't. I'll play fair. I've a plan for tonight, too. I've ordered dinner already, and after dinner we'll listen to the fight—don't forget we've got fifty cents on the fight—and at ten o'clock I'll turn you loose in the great city. Come along!”

IN the taxi, for the few blocks' drive, Mary was very gay; she seemed actually to enjoy the dark night and the roar and splash of the storm. But at the door of the apartment house she paused.

“Oh, now listen—” she protested, a wet shabby glove touching his coat sleeve. “I think we go on farther, my lad!”

“Listen yourself, Mary. It's a horrible night to go anywhere, and my place is snug and comfortable, and there's a fire. Mrs. O'Brien, who comes in twice a week to clean, is engaged to stay and sit sewing in the bedroom until you go home.”

“You mean you actually asked her to stay?”

“I mean that when I saw what pitchforks it was raining, at about four I went out to the kitchen and asked her if she could come back. She said she'd get herself a cup of tea and stay right on; she wasn't anxious to get out into it. So then I asked Himashira to get us some dinner.”

“I'll find out your name, John,” Mary said, still hesitant, but getting into the elevator with him nonetheless.

“No, you won't, unless you want to. I explained to Mrs. O'Brien that you didn't know it and were very specially anxious not to know it. I told her that if you asked her she was of course to tell you anything you wanted to know, but that otherwise she would please keep—in a word, keep her trap shut!”

Mary said in her heart that she had never known any one like John—handsome, groomed, lean, brown, masterful. There was a little twitch to his fine firm mouth when he was what she called “running her,” a something masterful and affectionate that made every fiber of her thrill. He was wearing this expression now. “Don't be afraid, Mary,” he said. “I won't eat you!”

“You have no business doing this, you idiot,” Mary said in her heart. But it was heavenly, too, on this furious wet night, to follow him into the big luxurious rooms and see the promised fire blazing, to meet the imposing black-clad Mrs. O'Brien—respectable enough to chaperon a dozen Marys!—and to sit watching Himashira as he dexterously laid a little table for two beside the fire.

BY the time the cups of soup came on, and the brown birds, and the green salad, they were talking together easily, unself-consciously, and yet with a definite sense, too, that their friendship had taken a decided stride forward tonight.

“Alas,” said Mary, when the clock struck half past eight and John was turning the dials to get the Philadelphia arena, “I can come to this doorway any time, now, and read your name.”

“As a matter of fact you couldn't, for I have this apartment with a friend, and his name is the one downstairs. But you can have my name any time you want it, Mary.”

“I don't want it, *please*,” she said hurriedly.

They settled down, listening to the fight. There was an interval of absorbed attention, and Mary said:

“It's a swell fight. I thought it might be a frame-up!”

“You're quite a fan, aren't you?”

“I like fights.”

“You like everything I like, somehow.”

“Then you must like yourself,” said the girl with a dimpled provocative smile.

“Delete that sort of thing,” John answered in a lowered tone, not moving his eyes from the fire. “Somehow,” he went on, “I think your name is Susan. It isn't, of course. It's probably a name I hate.”

“Isn't it marvelous to be dining here in your enchanting apartment and not to have the slightest idea who we are?” Mary asked. “We can't keep this up, though,” she added, after a pause in which he merely glanced up at her, glanced away again, and did not speak. “Let's part tonight, and think this all over, and decide. And if we meet next Tuesday let's tell!”

“Next Tuesday is way off in the year 1984,” John observed mildly. Mary laughed. “Suppose I were to ask you to marry me?” he added.

She knew he had spoken almost against his will. She herself was suddenly quite at sea. She said unsteadily:

“I wouldn't advise that.”

“Why not?”

“Because,” Mary said, “I rather think you're married already—aren't you?”

A silence during which John, looking down at the fire, did not move. Presently he said quietly:

“What makes you think that?”

“You've—it seems to me you've indicated it in a thousand ways.”

“Suppose I told you that I was Richard Wilmartin,” John suddenly began. In the silence they looked at each other.

“Richard—not *Dick* Wilmartin?”

“Richard Slocomb Wilmartin.”

“Oh, you're not!” She was staring at him blankly. “Then you *are* married?”

“Rather.”

“But—but he has a mustache!”

“Had. You can

(Continued on page seventeen)

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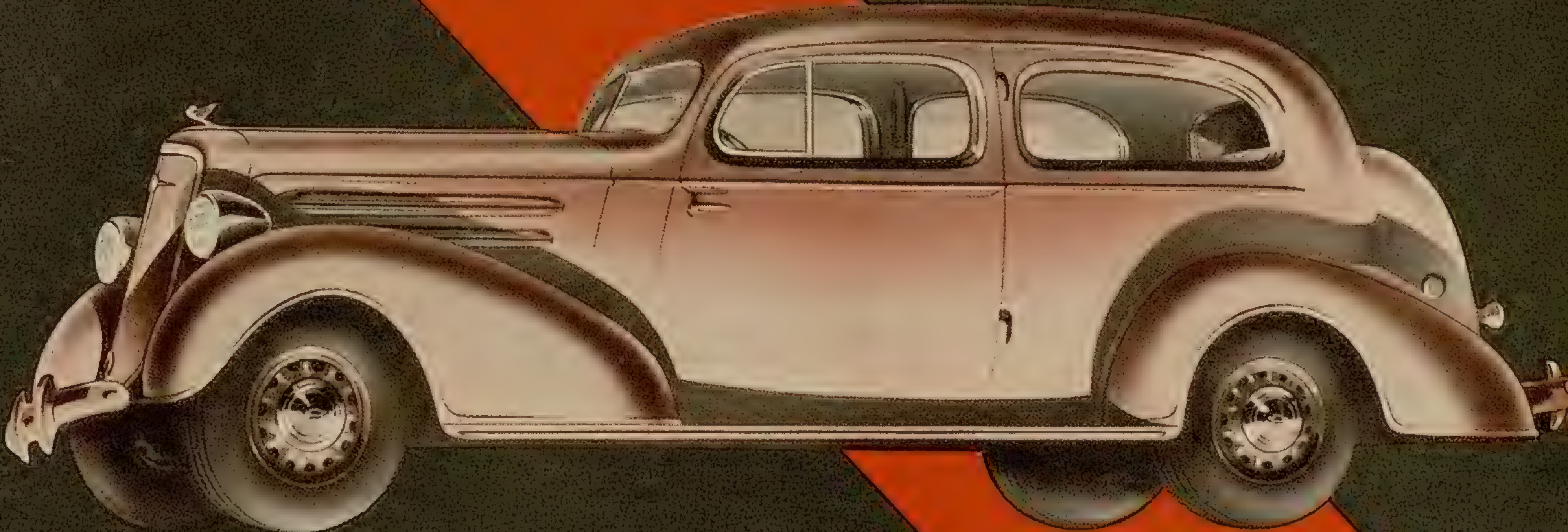

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(Continued from page fourteen)

shave off a mustache. I'm glad you know," the man said. "I haven't talked to any one. I can talk to you. It's all an awful mix-up, or at least it seems like one. But it's simple enough when you understand."

"Your wife, then—I mean," Mary said, flushed and embarrassed, "Belle Pemberton. Weren't you and she supposed to be abroad?"

"I got back the day I met you. She's in France with a dressmaker named Leon Le Gros."

"Oh, no! Not after all—not after you'd—"

"You said that next Tuesday would have to end our affair or begin it all over again," he said after a pause. "You're the one that'll have to decide whether we go on or not. I can't. I began all this as a joke; it's no joke now. I was married to Cassy Hawes—certainly; and then I was married to Harriet Archibald; and then I met Belle Pemberton. Every one knows what happened—Pemberton was treating her like a dirty dog. She used to go on in Tears, Idle Tears with a black eye powdered up, and tears on her face, night after night! Every one knows I sent her a blanket of gardenias for every performance and every matinee to pull up over herself in that last act, and every one knows that I was a complete fool about her. She's one eighth colored. I knew it—it didn't matter. She's that kind of a woman!

"Well, my wife was found murdered in her bed a year ago. She'd left me, but I had a key to the apartment; they found it on my key ring. You know—every one knows—what went on. They tried to frame me; they couldn't. I hadn't a particularly sound alibi, but the district attorney hadn't anything to go on. The fools had the whole thing in their hands time and time again and they let it slip. She was in court some days—the papers thought it was because she wanted the publicity. Publicity nothing! Any one looking at her could have told right then and there who was guilty!"

"She?"

"Pemberton. Belle Pemberton! Every one still thinks I killed Harriet. Harriet's the sort of woman some one ought to kill. Rich—the steel people, you know; fat and soft and spoiled and flattered. She had one topic—herself. I divorced Cassy and married Harriet because she owned the handsomest yacht afloat. I'm boat-crazy. We were all at Biarritz—any one who reads the papers knows that too. Harriet was seventeen and her income was two million a year. I hadn't a red. Well—I'm not so proud of that. But I didn't kill her. I walked out of that court as free as you are. But of course it was all ended. My life, I mean. I'm not the sort that goes in for uplift and charities, profits by my misfortunes! I was having a swell time; I'll never have it again. I'm done. But it was Belle who did the shooting—why, she used that very pistol with the silencer from Tears, Idle Tears, and took it back to the theater the next night!"

"Oh, no!" Mary breathed, her eyes wide in a pale face. "How'd she get in? I don't remember it all very well."

"HARRIET was murdered on Sunday—the day there's no show. Remember that? That afternoon Belle Pemberton, with a black wig on—she's tawny blonde, you know—went to the Park Avenue Ducal Arms and asked to look at the furnished apartment just above Harriet's. Oh, I know what I'm talking about!" John interrupted himself to say impatiently, as Mary made a little incredulous sound. "She told me this herself! While they were going through it, she slipped the lock on the back door. She only stayed a few minutes; said it was too expensive for her; went down in the elevator, tipped the boy, and walked quietly out into the street and in at the side entrance of the place. She climbed the stairs comfortably—all the servants were out on Sunday afternoon; no one to bother her. She went in the back door and locked it. Then she waited until evening, went down the fire escape, watched her time, shot poor Harriet, and went upstairs again. After a while she went down the back stairs and out into the night, and home. No one ever suspected her. They were after *me!* Where had *I* been? Well, I'd lunched with Miss Pemberton, and then we'd walked in the park, and then I'd left her at her door and wandered about—dined alone. No witnesses. Every newspaper in the city by Monday night had me in the electric chair. Meanwhile Belle was playing Tears, Idle Tears, and every one in the house was whispering that I'd killed my rich dull wife for an octoroon!"

Mary's face was very white.

"I'm sorry," she said simply. And then, "Would you have gone to the chair?"

"No. They had nothing on me. I wasn't afraid. But she was. She was scared to death. She had a nervous breakdown, and after the trial we went abroad and were married. Then I found she'd been in love with Le Gros for months. I left them there."

"BUT oughtn't you— After all, you've a boy of eleven or so. Oughtn't you clear it up for his sake?"

"He's with Cassy. She's a fine person. She'll take care of him and not let him take it too hard."

"What a story!" Mary said in a whisper.

"You're the first to hear it—the only one to know it. I never even told Yeats, my attorney. He said from the beginning that they couldn't get anywhere unless they could prove my having been there sometime that day. And all the men around the place knew me; they hadn't seen me for weeks."

"Just the same you ought to be vindicated," Mary said warmly. "In the interests of justice—for the sake of the name of Wilmartin—"

"Oh, Lord, nothing'll ever save the name of Wilmartin now!"

"But how did you get out of the country?"

"Simple. I've a Canadian cousin who looks exactly like me. I sent for Roger and he came down. He grew a mustache; I cut mine off. When we got ready to spring it, Roger announced that he was going to Palm Beach—that I was, rather! The photographers flocked down to the Penn Station, and meanwhile I went on board the Europa, second cabin, and got away."

"What a *story!*" the girl said again.

"Mr. Wilmartin—on the phone, please," Mrs. O'Brien said at this point from the doorway. "In the library, sir. Oh, my goodness, I've given away your name!" she added in consternation.

"Never mind, Mrs. O'Brien; it's all right now."

"And it's eleven o'clock now," Mary said, "and I've got to go."

"Wait until I come back," John said. Suddenly he looked very tired. "I'll see you to a taxi," he said.

But when he came back she was gone. Mrs. O'Brien could only report that the young lady had not said a word, but that she had "sort of snatched-like" at her hat and coat and disappeared. John snatched a hat and coat, too, and, also without a word, went after her.

The rain had stopped. Moonlight shone in the wet street. He was in time to see her getting into a taxi at the corner.

Mary's taxi turned downtown. She got out of it before a big building in which several floors were blazing with lights in the night. She went up into a hot big room filled with desks and dangling green lampshades and typewriters and smoke and shirt-sleeved men, and through it and into a glass-doored corner office marked CITY EDITOR.

"I got my story, Walt," Mary said to a man at the desk. His feet came down from the typewriter level; his cigar came down from his mouth. His grimy face paled.

"Says you—" he said in an awed voice.

"Says me," said Mary. . . .

Three days later John had a letter from her. It was an incoherent letter and stained with tears.

John darling, darling, darling! [wrote Mary]. You know now what it was all about—that I tracked you, and trapped you, and was lying all the time! John dear, I'm in despair—I don't want to live. You'd forgive me if you knew that my heart is broken, that everything I've ever tried to build up in myself is ruined—destroyed by me—myself. That I can never think of myself as a woman of honor again! My darling, I wrote their damnable story, and I wrote my resignation too, and I took my check and tore it up before their eyes.

Believe me, I begged them—begged them with tears—not to print it. Almost before I'd told Walter Nichols—on the city desk—what a scoop I'd bagged in the Wilmartin case, I was back there begging him, and Klein, and Oliver, for God's sake not to print it! Of course it was too late. They had the names; they had the facts; they were getting lawyers and the district attorney on the job then!

And then, sitting at my desk—that same Tuesday night—I knew what I'd done! I knew that I loved you as no woman ever loved a man before; that Cassy and Harriet and Belle didn't matter—that you were the breath of my life, were everything in the world to me! And I think that's why I did it, John. I think that under the excitement and pride of having landed the story was the feeling that I *could* do that for you—reinstate you with your friends—give you back something out of all the mess!

But I'm not pleading for myself, except that somehow, somewhere, I must know that you've forgiven me. I don't mean that you could ever trust me again. We'll never see each other again. But some day I'll send you an address, and if you'll just wire, "It's all right, Mary," I'll bless you to the longest day that I live! It isn't only losing you, my dearest, losing the right to comfort you for all the horror and the pain, but I've lost myself—the woman I respected and hoped such great things for!

You see, I recognized you, John, that day in the station, and I'd been doing odd little columns for the Gazette, and they'd told me how badly they wanted the true Wilmartin story. It all came over me in a flash: "If I can once meet him, I'll get it!" I went back and told Walter Nichols that I had met you. He took me into Klein's office and I had my little hour of being important! Last night—my God, was it only last night? I've not slept or eaten since—last night, when you began to tell me, everything went out of my mind except my story. Newspaper people are like that.

I said to myself, it wasn't going to hurt you, and I'd got my story! I'd forgotten her, and that you loved her—Belle, I mean.

Darling, if I've ruined what was left of your privacy, I've ruined my own life too. I'm out of a job. You'll never find me. They haven't my address on the Gazette; we had to move a month ago because the old brown house was torn down—nobody knows where I am. You'll never know my name. I'm leaving town. Don't try to find me. I'm buried. I'm not going to see a newspaper or ever write a line for one again. But some day—for the sake of those Tuesdays that were happy days for you too, and for the marvelous Saturday when we met each other—forgive me!

"YOU write a swell letter, Mary," he said to her exactly eighty-one hours later. The girl in the library sprang up, facing him, her eyes wide. Her hand went to her heart and the book she had been reading slid to the floor.

"Oh, John," she whispered. "Oh, no—no!"

He had his arms about her. He was kissing her, and tumbling her hair, and holding her off, and kissing her again.

"Oh, John, how can you speak to me!"

"One swell letter," he said.

"You found me!" breathed Mary.

"Easily. Kiss me."

"John, but how!"

"You want that first? Well, you see, I'm a lonely sort of fellow, Mary, and everything you've ever said to me has made a mark. So when you gave me the slip—like a cheap French maid, by the way!—I realized that I had to find you or cut my throat, so I advertised in all the evening papers."

"But I haven't seen a paper! I came to my aunt here in the country—I've been gardening, and crying, and taking walks; I've been almost mad! I never saw any advertisement!"

"I didn't think you would. At least I took a chance you wouldn't. But you'd told me of your Germans in the boardinghouse: Tante and the Doctor and the dog Snyder. My personal said: 'Tante, send me five dollars to Box Such-and-such. Emergency. Love to you, Doctor, and Snyder.' And I signed it 'Liebchen.' Remember that you told me they called you that, and that they read every line of the evening papers?"

"Yes; but they knew I'd come to my aunt in Bound Brook!"

"I chanced it they'd think you wanted the money, and were up to something contraband, and—God bless their German hearts!—the next day there it was, registered and with a return address, of course. I went straight up to Eightieth Street. And that was just two hours ago!"

Mary's head was on his shoulder; her arm was about him, and his arms were both about her.

"Oh, this is heaven! You've forgiven me!" she breathed. "John, will they try her? Poor thing, I've let her in for it."

"Belle, you mean? No, they'll not bother her."

"Oh, say it, John, whether you believe it or not! If you knew what I've been going through! *Say* it."

"It's true. You see, I followed you down to the Gazette that night, Mary. Because I knew—all along."

THE scarlet color blazed in her face; there was never anything as lovely as Mary's color coming up under the creamy skin.

"No, not all along," he corrected it. "It was really only toward the end that something—something sophisticated and smart about you—made me wonder. Dick's had an awful lot of publicity, you know—"

"But *you're* Dick Wilmartin!"

"I'm not. I'm his country cousin from Ottawa. Make a note of Ottawa, because we're going there twice a year. The minute I thought you were spoofing me, Mary, I thought of spoofing *you*. It made me a little sick to think you'd do it, and yet I couldn't blame any girl who had a chance to get a good story out of Dick. After all, he's had his fun with the ladies, too! So I laid a trap, and I told Mrs. O'Brien to come and call me at about eleven, and if you hadn't given me the slip I'd have told you right then. I was going to say, 'Don't hurry back to the newspaper, Mary. This is all fiction! For all I know, Dick *did* shoot his wife, perhaps with Belle's pistol. Or perhaps he got some one else to do it. Anyway, he's been acquitted, and she's tied up with her new man, and he's at large somewhere in France, and probably getting married and divorced daily.'

"I was going to say all that. But you'd gone, and then I knew the fat *was* in the fire! I tore down to the street, and luckily saw you. Remember, it had been raining, and there weren't so many cabs about. But I got a cab and followed you, and I went in and had a talk with Nichols and what's-his-name—Klein. I knew that they couldn't rush the story; there are too many details to check.

"So I waited until you came downstairs, with your face red, crying, and then I went up. I squashed the whole thing. For all I know, there wasn't any empty apartment in that building. It was all fiction, I tell you! All made up!"

"Why, John, you *liar!*" Mary said simply, drawing his arm tighter about her.

"You should call me that! You—a spy, a deceiver, a girl who sold love for pelf!"

"We never can marry now. Think what we could call each other when we fight!"

"On the other hand, no one else can marry us, Mary. We can't let some fine man, some good woman, in on our secret."

Mary's eyes came up in sudden alarm.

"You're not married?" she asked.

"To the present, the past definite, the pluperfect, no," said John. "To the future, the subjunctive, yes."

"Let's—here, this is my uncle's chair; it's a marvelous chair; sit down, John," said Mary. "Let's get on to some other verb!"

THE END

SENTIMENT, SONG, SPECTACLE

A Fantasy of the Depression Does Well by Janet Gaynor; Messrs. Crosby and Fields Cavort in a Tarkington Southern with Music, and Mr. Beery Is Stirringly Surrounded by Excitements in the Air

READING TIME: 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

by BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

Bing Crosby and Joan Bennett in the musical and sentimental Mississippi, a story of the South of 1860.

★ ★ ★ ONE MORE SPRING

THE PLAYERS: Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Rosemary Ames, Nick Foran, Stepin Fetchit. Directed by Henry King. Story by Robert Nathan.

ROBERT NATHAN's sentimental little fantasy of four orphans of the depression who find peace and happiness in a park stable offers Janet Gaynor her best film since Seventh Heaven. With her elfin mannerisms under admirable control, Miss Gaynor is seen as a waif of the streets who takes up with two depression-bruised gentlemen: one a former antique dealer whose only reminder of richer days is the bed in which Napoleon slept; and the other a concert violinist and genius by his own admission.

Told in a gently ironic vein, One More Spring shows these three who have lost all worldly goods setting about to find happiness in their improvised home, their daily search for food, and their futile hatred of all capitalists, banker Grant Mitchell in particular. When Mitchell goes down with his bank, and attempts drowning in three feet of Central Park's frozen lake, he is rescued by ex-antiquary Warner Baxter and taken in with the other refugees.

There, in the stable loaned by a kindly street cleaner in exchange for violin lessons, the four somehow survive through the winter of their discontent. Then, with the coming of one more spring, and strengthened by a new set of values, they return to the outside world.

The government reopens Mitchell's bank. Street cleaner Imhof learns to grope his way through one tune on the violin. Violinist King gets concert work in the West. Warner Baxter gets a job from the banker. And love, as it inevitably does to all ingenues, comes to Miss Gaynor.

This modern fairy tale, though rather slow, has many delightful poignantly humorous moments. Walter King does a standout characterization as the querulous violinist; while Warner Baxter, though given at times to juvenile exuberance, has a sure grip on his effects.

VITAL STATISTICS: In scrubbing Mr. Nathan's whimsey pure white, Miss Gaynor's part, that of a member of the world's oldest profesh, became that of an actress. . . . Picture came to a near $350,000. . . . Janet Gaynor's first job was in a Frisco shoe store at sixteen. She's been in twenty Fox films. Is torn between giving her heart to a New York dentist and a Boulder Dam realtor. She recently purchased a Venice, California, beach house which nestles among a forest of ocean oil wells. She has undoubtedly inherited the Mary Pickford mass appeal. The intellectshals don't care for her. With Rogers and the Templette, she leads Fox star roster. . . . Screen play done by Edwin Burke, who learned it in vodvil and does all his writing at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, never coming to the lovely-spotted Fox Hills studio. Burke won the Academy award for his script of Bad Girl. . . . Warner Baxter is one of these guys who like to dabble in the kitchen. He'll send you a chile-con-carne formula that'll knock your back teeth out. . . . There is much to-do about platonic love in the picture, a great deal of research necessary to write it into the script. It's the only kind of love Hollywood has never tried. And Hollywood invented love, too! . . . Walter King is a New York musical-comedy voice hack who's going places. . . . Stepin Fetchit is really Lincoln Perry. He gets about $750. He is a widower and has a son, Stepin Fetchit, Jr. Needless to say, he didn't enjoy his job as the Central Park lion keeper.

★ ★ ★ MISSISSIPPI

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett, Queenie Smith, Gail Patrick, Claude Gillingwater, John Miljan, Ed Pawley, Fred Kohler, Sr., the Cabin Kids, Molasses and January. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Story by Booth Tarkington.

IN Mississippi, Bing Crosby, of the mellow voice and figure, is seen as a Northerner whose engagement to a plantation belle is severed when he refuses to duel with a stranger in defense of her easily offended honor.

The extracts below are quoted from authentic testimonials, the originals of which are free to inspection.

FIRST DAY

"... Formerly my hair was thin and straggling ..."

TENTH DAY

"... But thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful ..." M. H.

FIRST DAY

"... am now 49 years old. Already at about thirty my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray ..."

TENTH DAY

"... but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb. I must say that the result is wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and MORE. My hair is a lot darker already, also a quantity of new, dark hair is coming forth ... The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody." C. M. L.

★

Sold in all leading Department Stores in New York

Manufactured Exclusively By
G. LINDHOLM CO.,
607 Bergen Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Patent Pending

1,200,000 in daily use by men and women throughout Europe.

EVANS DERMECTRO COMB
TRADE MARK

A MARVELOUS INVENTION

- - - - - - - - - THAT CAN DO WONDERS FOR YOUR HAIR!

Here is the new great sensation of the world, EVANS ELECTRIC COMB, the "Live" Comb which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair—in fact, of giving new life to the hair roots. The gentle electric current in the Evans Comb acts upon the hair as water on parched plants, thus stimulating the hair roots to renewed activity.

STRAIGHT AND THIN HAIR gets thick ... glistening ... soft ... wavy ... and wonderfully lustrous.

IN MANY CASES OF PREMATURE BALD SPOTS, the condition has improved as through a miracle.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR checked in a few days. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the health and beauty of your hair.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! This is perhaps your comment on reading the above claims, but we have received thousands of letters which prove that Evans Comb really has worked wonders. European specialists explain this phenomena—that the electricity through the curved double rows of teeth is able to reach all weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them, waking them up and stimulating them. Over one million Evans Electric Combs are now being used by men and women all over the world. The electric current is generated by a battery concealed in the handle of the comb. No shocks—no sparks—no "plug in." You cannot feel the current, but if you put a pocket lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts six months—spare battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which otherwise would cost you hundreds of dollars per year.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS—HUNDREDS OF OTHERS

The original letters from which the extracts below are taken, were sent to us voluntarily and are in our files. A reward of $2,000 is offered to anyone who can prove that any of these letters are not genuine.

"... I have recommended your comb to friends and acquaintances as an expression of my great satisfaction." (Signed Dr. M. K.)

"... My hair, which was formerly thin, has now grown thick and beautifully glossy. I recommend the comb to everybody who wants to have beautiful hair." (Signed M. W.)

"... I had formerly rough, thin hair, with dandruff, but after a few days only, I was free from this, and after further treatment I got healthy and soft hair, which was beautifully wavy." (Signed A. L.)

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

NOTARY PUBLIC

Do you want your hair more beautiful ... better ... then don't delay in obtaining the EVANS ELECTRIC COMB. Use it for seven days if you like and if you are not satisfied in every way with the improvement in your hair, just mail it back to us, and we will immediately refund your money. If it doesn't do all we say it will do it has not cost you a cent to try it.

Money back if not satisfied
CUT NOW

$1,000 GUARANTEE COUPON

Mail This Coupon at Once to
G. LINDHOLM CO., Dept. L. 6,
607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose Money Order—Cash—Check for $.......... Please send POST FREE in plain package, with full instructions and ready for use:

☐ Evans Electric Comb, Standard Model, at $3.25 complete.
☐ Evans Electric Comb, Gold Plated De Luxe Model, at $5 complete.

Under guarantee of $1000—you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the results. This is an absolute condition of my order.

Name..
Address..
City..............................State........

For C. O. D. delivery plus postage check here
☐ STANDARD MODEL. ☐ GOLD PLATED MODEL.
OUTSIDE U. S. A. CASH WITH ORDER

Branded a coward, he becomes a showboat singer and accidentally acquires a killer reputation when a water-front terror tries to break up a performance. Now notorious as the most feared gunman on the Mississippi, Crosby returns to the plantation and kidnaps his fiancée's peace-loving younger sister.

Booth Tarkington's perfumed blood-and-thundering is not important to the film except that it gives Bing a chance to sing an earful of Rogers and Hart melodies against the magnolia background, lets the eloquent W. C. Fields dexterously manipulate his cigar, hat, and ever-present mint julep, and has girlish Joan Bennett gazing rapturously out of lovely myopic eyes at the crooning Crosby.

Splendidly photographed and frankly theatric, the film supplies a thoroughly pleasant cinema evening. It's a bright showcase for the Crosby-Fields wares, and as an added fillip offers the Cabin Kids, a comic and talented group of harmonizing pickaninnies. Queenie Smith, Gail Patrick, Fred Kohler, Sr., and John Miljan are led by Joan Bennett in splendidly played supporting roles.

But Mississippi is almost entirely taken up with Messrs. Fields and Crosby. And as these two specialists appear in what has come to be their standard good form they make of this an item of pure enjoyment.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hernando de Soto discovered the Mississippi in 1541 and got a lot of glory; the song writers discovered it immediately afterward and took all the cash. . . . Booth Tarkington's Magnolia was used as the original libretto for Mississippi but contains no mention amid its many duels and mint juleps of old Father of Waters. It was producer Arthur Hornblow's happy afterthought to add the Mississippi and the showboat to the proceedings. . . . Bing Crosby supplanted Lanny Ross in leading Mississippi role after picture had gotten under way, there being need of a big Crosby spectacle to capitalize on Bing's recent successes. Lanny still has a Paramount contract to assuage hurt feelings. . . . W. C. Fields is also a happy afterthought, being added to the olla-podrida to improve his box-office prestige. At present he is a mere program piktsch money-maker. Mississippi (plus Copperfield, for which he got $50,000) will put him up in the 100,000-watt marquee letters. . . . Rogers and Hart were toted West to whang out four newies for Crosby to croon. Rogers-Hart tunes are slow beginners but they get there. Both are Columbia University boys, which proves that Columbia turns out more than footballers and men. . . . Bing Crosby now has three kids and four race horses. His wife, Dixie, calls him not Bing but Crooner. Both call their baby, Gary Evan, Gunder. Bing plays no musical instrument and cannot read music. Mrs. Bing is an ex-pro name of Dixie Lee but was bo'n Wilma Wyatt. . . . Queenie Smith, wife of Robert Garland, New York show critic, and a ballet dancer gone actress, makes her debut in Mississip. . . . W. C. Fields's butler is German and always answers the phone when you call the Fieldsian Encino ranch. He is trained to the formula of "Mr. Fields's residence"; then, after the caller explains himself, "Mr. Fields is not at home—who is calling, please?" This never varies and there's no way to get around it. Fields once traveled twenty-nine days to New Zealand to do a one-night stand. . . . Gail Patrick had to study to lose her Suthin accent to make good in pictures, and had to regain her you-alls all over again for Miss'ippi.

★ ★ ★ WEST POINT OF THE AIR

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lewis Stone, James Gleason, Rosalind Russell, Russell Hardie. Directed by Richard Rosson. Story by John Monk Saunders.

FOR once a military picture has been made in which the leads are not two hard-boiled guys rowing over the same girl. M-G-M's West Point of the Air, latest of the aviation epics, was produced with co-operation of the government, so of necessity the story has a definite dependence on the glory of army discipline.

In place of the buddy-against-buddy theme, there is the father-and-son angle, and while at times the sentimentality of the roughneck father for his educated son is a bit thick, the relationship is carried on in a manner much less annoying than that faintly pathologic air which pervades the Cagney-O'Brien and MacLaglen-Lowe opuses.

In this Wallace Beery is seen as a pioneer army flyer whose son, Robert Young, grows up in the military tradition, finally graduating from West Point and joining Beery at a flying post. When Young falls for the charms of Rosalind Russell, a Park Avenue sorceress, and seriously considers forsaking 100-per-cent pure Maureen O'Sullivan, General Lewis Stone's daughter, and when Beery brings it all to a head by socking his son and superior officer, West Point of the Air hits its climax.

High-lighted by flying and parachute jumping scenes which are as spectacular as any to come from the screen in some time, the picture stands as a model of its type. Beery, up to all his old tricks, is fortunate in having a role to which they are easily adaptable. And Rosalind Russell's "other woman" is one of the most intelligent and believable portrayals of this long maligned sorority to come out of Hollywood.

VITAL STATISTICS: John Monk Saunders is an Oregon boy who swam on an Olympic team; was a Rhodes scholar; once married Rupert Hughes's daughter; is now married to Fay Wray, by whom a child; and not so long ago knocked down Herbert Marshall in a friendly night-spot altercation over nothing. Saunders's original work was pounded into shape by a bevy of writers including Arthur Beckhard, lately Broadway's ace producer-director but not doing so well in Hollywood. Beckhard made a fortune in his stage productions, which included Another Language and Goodbye Again, but lost it in a series of flops. . . . Picture is another in the Entertaining War Propaganda Series in which the War Depts. cheerfully co-operate, services freely given. . . . Picture directed by Richard Rosson, brother to the famous Hal, once the Hal in Hal to Jean Harlow. . . . Monta Bell, long, semi-dour sophisticate and an ex-director, produced it. . . . Carol Ann, Wallie Beery's adopted dotter, makes her debut herein. . . . Wallace Beery is practically the only screen star of magnitude who flies his own plane. . . . Nathalie Bucknall, former member of the Battalion of Death, was head of the research on this film. The research ran into enormous detail and large amount of time. Five librarians worked eighteen months on insignia dope alone. . . . Wallace Beery spends a good deal of his time complaining about the income tax. He is in the upper-bracket group which is forced to give up to 60 per cent of its paltry yearly hundred thousands to the Treasury coffers. Beery once was a female impersonator; played Lady Macbeth in the sticks and a Swedish cook on the Essanay lot. He was married to Gloria Swanson, you surely know. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan came over from the Irish Free-for-All State to play opposite John McCormack. . . . There is a box-office law that the worse an air picture is, the more money it will make. . . . There is a strong rumor current that M-G-M, which produced this picture, may move its Culver City studio, lock, stock, and baggage, to Jacksonville, Florida, in retaliation for excessive California taxes. It will be one of the largest and most important treks in all history—doubly queer since L. B. Mayer, M-G-M head, is a strong Republican who helped elect Governor Merriam to avoid Upton Sinclair taxation.

★ THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Marlene Dietrich, Cesar Romero, Lionel Atwill, Edward Everett Horton, Alison Skipworth, Don Alvarado. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. From the story, The Woman and the Puppet, by Pierre Louys.

As the final picture to be made by Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg, Hollywood's most famous but certainly not most successful director-star combination, The Devil Is a Woman sums up all their other attempts at the bizarre in theme and treatment. Adapted, photographed, and directed by von Sternberg, the film never allows its players to rise to the surface of the story, which tells in stylized deadening fashion of a heartless amoral Spanish wench who wrecks all men who come her way.

The direction has molded Dietrich, Cesar Romero, Lionel Atwill, and even Edward Everett Horton into uniformly wooden and lifeless characterizations, using them as no more than black-and-white figures for the photographic compositions. Aiming at—but missing—a fragile, elusive mood, the film is but a self-consciously beautiful incoherent and pretentious rendition of the old-fashioned "vampire" act.

Youse guys won't like it.

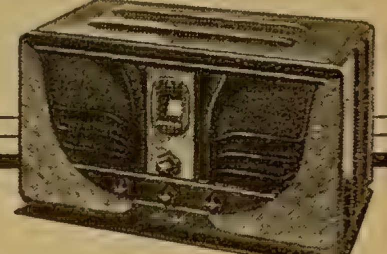
VITAL STATISTICS: Thus endeth a seven-year artistic-plus romance between Marlene (Legs) Dietrich and Josef (von) Sternberg. None of their films together can be considered artistic successes, though Joe admits to being the most artistic person in Hollywood; yet none, no matter how turgid, has lost money. They have made fortunes for themselves and have saved their money. In the years Marlene has become quate snooty. When she moves from place to place on the studio lot, she is accompanied by a medieval entourage, including her husband Rudy, her personal maid, her make-up stoogess, her wardrobe mistress, a messenger, and a few foreigners who just hang around for atmosphere. Von Sternberg, starting from Greenwich Village scratch, has accumulated a silky mustache, a series of billowy tentlike camel's-hair overcoats, a pair of knee boots in which to direct, a valuable art collection, a reputation for excess artiness in Hollywood. He is an excellent painter, but self-critically destroys his work immediately on completion. He is also a considerable sculptor. And has pretensions toward literature. He is in the last analysis responsible for his scripts, although others are called in to write them. Sternberg took camera and direction screen credit on this picture, the first time such a thing has ever happened. He actually did everything with the camera except load it. Devil Is a Woman established a von Sternberg record: it was finished three and a half weeks ahead of schedule and cost a mere $800,000. Incidentally, von Sternberg has offered $50,000 to any one who can prove his name isn't Josef Sternberg. This to squelch scoffers who dub him Joe Stern, East Side art peddler. Original offer was $100,000, but Joe was made to cut it in half to make it sound credible. Joe means it, so get to work, you semipro dicks. Joe also claims to a Ph.D. degree but doesn't put a price on it. How Dietrich will get on sans him is questionable. But the divorce must go through, because Joe claims they have gone far enough together. It is he who is cutting the tie. He doesn't want to get in a rut. I think it will be hard on her for the first hundred thousand dollars, but somehow time and contracts will heal all.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Roberta, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★ — Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties.

A world of GLORIOUS ADVENTURE is yours . . .



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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

Right to the Heart

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

HOLLY SAYLES, a New York society girl, refuses Ray Hallam's proposal of marriage at a party given by her friends, the Sextons. A little later Holly, Bennie Harbough, Frances Chester, and Harris Beach motor to the city to see Monty West, heavyweight champion, defend his title. After the fight Holly and Monty meet, and the next day Holly persuades Bennie to meet her for tea and to bring Monty. The prize fighter and Holly become so well acquainted that they agree to meet the following afternoon.

Monty has a dispute with Otto Spech, his manager, because he refuses to appear in vaudeville, but he does continue to autograph photographs to be sold to fans for twenty-five cents.

Leaving his hotel, Monty calls on Annette Decatur, an old friend playing in What Next, and Net berates him for his infatuation with the "Park Avenue" girl. However, they part friends. But no sooner has Monty left than Net phones Mrs. Sayles and informs her that her daughter is going around with a prize fighter.

In the meantime Monty and Holly meet, the former somewhat morose because of what Net has said. But the atmosphere clears and impulsively they declare their love for each other. Monty insists that he must see Holly's father and they return to the Sayles house. Holly leaves Monty in the hall and goes upstairs to her parents, both of whom now know of the affair.

Holly tries to explain, but when her father hears that Monty is waiting downstairs, he calls a maid and tells her to show the young man out. Holly runs down to Monty, tells him what has happened, and they leave the house together.

PART THREE — "YOU'LL NEVER BE HAPPY WITH MONTY"

MONTY, where are we going?"

Before he could answer, Monty had to look about to see where he was. He found they were going south on Park Avenue. "Don't you worry, sweetheart," he said. "We're going somewhere to be married. You just leave everything to me."

Married! Tonight! The words shook Holly. She glanced at Monty's profile and saw that he was smiling a little to himself. Very gently and happily. But that was what she wanted—to marry Monty. She loved him.

Married Now, but Still, in Their Minds, a Million Miles Apart . . . Can Love Bring Two Widely Separated Worlds Together? This Penetrating Novel Seeks the Answer

by REITA LAMBERT

"But I haven't any clothes—nothing at all. Not even a toothbrush," she said. "I'll have to get some things somewhere, Monty, and all the stores are closed."

"Don't you worry about that," he said. "We'll get you some clothes all right."

Clothes! His mind darted frantically this way and that and came suddenly and blissfully to rest on Annette.

Annette, finishing an early dinner, heard the bell ring. Then she heard a man's voice—Monty's voice—and went swiftly to the hall.

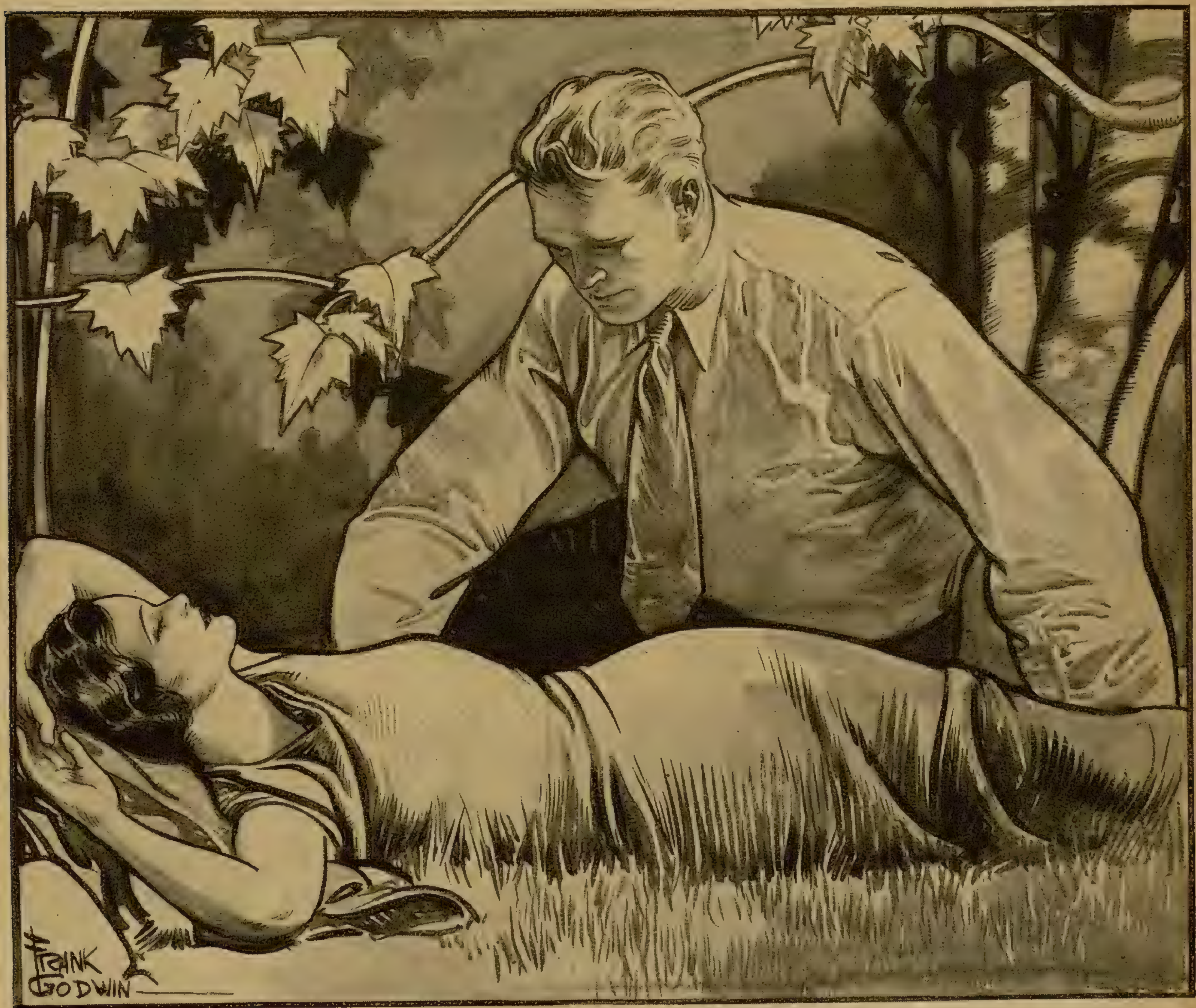
Imogene, all smiles, was closing the outer door, and in the middle of the hall stood Monty and a small dark girl.

Annette knew all there was to know in her first glance. As she looked at them, a cold and final little wind drifted through Annette's heart. But she said cordially, "Well, look who's here!"

"Hello, Net! I want you to meet Miss Holly Sayles, my—my future wife. Holly, shake hands with my old friend, Annette.

"I was afraid you might have started for the theater," Monty went on, following the two women into the living room. "We drove over here in nothing flat. Net's in What Next, Holly. Maybe you've seen her."

"Of course. I was sure I'd seen her somewhere."



"I'm a terrible nitwit." She lay back and Monty took his coat off and made a pillow of it for her head.

"I was in Monty's dressing room the night you met him."

"Oh, were you?" Holly said innocently.

Monty and Annette looked at each other and laughed, and Holly turned crimson, though she did not know why until long afterward. The tension was too acute, the strangeness too confusing. Monty was explaining to Annette that they were going to be married tonight—"We're going to sneak over to Jersey and hunt up a minister somewhere.

"And I thought maybe you could fix her up. You know, lend her enough things to tide her over a few days."

"Why, sure. Sure!" Annette's eyes measured Holly and she laughed. "I'm afraid she'll swim in my clothes, but she's welcome to what I've got. Come on in the bedroom, Holly—you don't mind my calling you Holly, do you? I don't believe Monty even told you *my* last name."

Holly followed her into the bedroom. She had never seen one like it offstage: The taffeta ruffles on the bed, the chaise longue covered with small swollen pillows, the tassels and gilt. Annette crossed the room and flung open a door. "There you are. What'll you have?"

Holly stared mutely at the racks of trailing chiffons and satins and velvets. "Oh, I'll only need a—a nightgown and negligee and, if you can spare them, some mules or bedroom slippers." She turned and smiled at Annette. "It's terribly sweet of you to come to our rescue this way."

Annette was staring at Holly with hard inimical eyes. "Well, I wouldn't if I could help it. Listen. You don't really want to go on with this business, do you?" Holly stepped back from her, amazed and shocked. "You'll never be happy with Monty."

"I'm sure you mean well," Holly said, "but I'd rather not discuss it, if you don't mind."

"It's better to discuss it now than afterward, isn't it? And don't get any wrong ideas in your head. Monty's nothing to me. Just a—good friend. But he—he's a grand fellow and I don't want to see him throw himself away, see?" She smiled grimly at Holly's indignant gasp. "Yes, I'm trying to save him from you; not *you* from him. Oh, I know you're a nice girl and all that, but you're not his kind and he's not yours, and it won't be long before he'll find that out, see?" Her voice was flat and harsh with repressed emotion. "When he does, it's going to just about kill him. You can get a divorce and go back to your folks, but it'll be the end of him. Men like Monty take love hard, and he's in love with you—really in love."

HOLLY'S eyes had never left Annette's face.

"But don't you understand? I'm in love with him too—really in love."

Annette could not bear to see any one cry, and Holly's small pale face with the big tears standing on her cheeks shook her badly. "You've only known him two weeks!"

"I loved him the first time I saw him."

"Maybe you think you do, now."

Holly shook her head slowly. "I know," she said softly. "I *know!*"

Annette turned away abruptly. Her own mouth was working and her eyes were tortured.

"All right, all right. I wouldn't have said anything, only—oh, well, never mind." She dashed into the closet. "Here, you can have your choice of these negligees. Here's a bag—"

When they went into the living room five minutes later, Monty hurried forward to take the little suitcase from Annette, but his eyes were all for Holly.

"I'm going to drop by the hotel for some duds. Listen, Net. You won't say anything about this for a while, will you? We want to keep it a secret for a few days."

"Yeah? Well, you'll be able to keep it about as secret as Rockefeller City," Annette said. "Look, here's an idea. You might be able to do it if you went up to Aunt Mattie's. You know her place up near Wentworth, Mont? Suppose I send her a wire? Aunt Mat'll keep the reporters off you if anybody can."

After a little discussion that was arranged.

In the elevator Monty stood sedately apart from Holly, but passing through the dim vestibule, he drew her into a corner and took her swiftly in his arms. "Holly, you're not scared, are you, sweetheart? You're not sorry? You want to go through with it, don't you? When you came out of Net's room, I thought maybe—you looked as though you'd been crying."

Just for a moment Holly's thoughts tore like frantic fingers at the idea of escape. But only for a moment. Locked close in his arms, wrapped round by the warmth of his big body, her pulse quickened in response and her fears faded like smoke against the sky.

Upstairs in Annette's apartment Imogene was using all her arts to quiet her wildly sobbing mistress. But Annette flung off the caressing black hand. "What the hell do I care now!" she sobbed.

SNOWED under with papers which Aunt Mat had thoughtfully brought from the village, Holly and Monty, sitting side by side on the bed in Aunt Mat's spare room, were reading.

—and it was not until the young couple had left that Mrs. Carfew, wife of the Rev. Clarence Carfew who performed the ceremony, identified the celebrated bridegroom. "I knew all the time I'd seen him or his picture somewhere," Mrs. Carfew told a representative of the Gazette-Herald, "but when he said his name was George William West, that threw me off."

The bride, daughter of Oliver Prentiss Sayles, the banker, was graduated from Miss Speer's school in New York and later attended a finishing school in Paris. She made her debut three years ago and has figured prominently in society ever since. Rumors of her approaching engagement to Raymond Hallam, son of Howard T. Hallam of Hallam & Forney—"

"I never!" Holly said indignantly. "I never even dreamed of being engaged to him."

"Who's he, anyway?"

"Oh, a friend. A man I've known a long time."

"Were you in love with him?"

"I should say not!"

"Was he in love with you?"

"I—I don't know. I guess he thought he was."

"Poor chap," Monty said.

Holly continued reading the paper.

Repeated attempts to reach either Mr. or Mrs. Sayles have been unavailing, but it is understood that the elopement was as much of a surprise to the bride's family as to the public. Rumors to the effect that Mrs. Sayles has been prostrated by the shock are attested by the fact that the family physician has been in almost constant attendance—

Holly got up abruptly and walked to the window. Monty put down the paper and followed her. "That's probably just newspaper talk, honey. Don't you worry."

"I'm not worried. Mother's terribly emotional." She dropped her head against his shoulder. "But I'm glad we sent the telegram. You go on out now, mister. I want to get dressed. Look at this heavenly day."

But the newspapers had broken the enchantment under which she had lain for the past three days. She thought of her friends reading and wondering and marveling, discussing. She tried not to think of her mother. Surely her mother could not be really ill.

Some one knocked on the door and Holly said, "Come in! Oh, good morning, Aunt Mattie!"

"Good morning to *you*, dearie! And how's my little bride this grand morning? When I brought up the breakfast tray you was taking your bath—"

She left it hanging suggestively and Holly promptly praised the breakfast.

"Well, did you read all about yourself?" Holly said she had and Aunt Mat chuckled and wiped her eyes. "We certainly got 'em fooled all right. They got no more idea where you are than anything."

Holly drew the little beige dress over her head. "It seems funny they never thought of looking up here for us."

"A fat lot of good it'd done 'em if they had," Aunt Mat said. "I'd of told 'em where they could get off—buttin' into a person's

(Continued on page twenty-six)

GENERAL ELECTRIC ANNOUNCES
drastic cuts in
MAZDA LAMP PRICES

MAZDA
60 WATTS
this mark...your guarantee

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300-watt	"	~~$1.15~~	. . . "	90c
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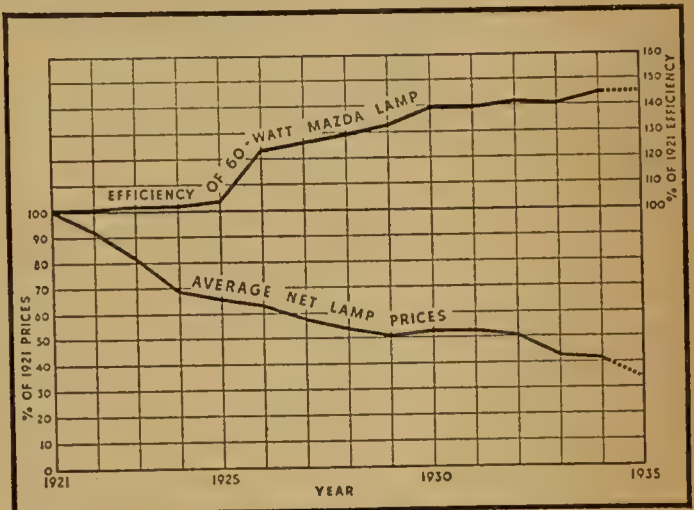
Seventeen times since 1921, the General Electric Company has been able to make major reductions in the prices of its MAZDA lamps—a total saving of 66 per cent. But even more important is the tremendous increase in efficiency of these lamps, made possible by a continuous program of research and development. The 60-watt MAZDA lamp of today, for example, gives 44 per cent more light than the 60-watt lamp of 1921.

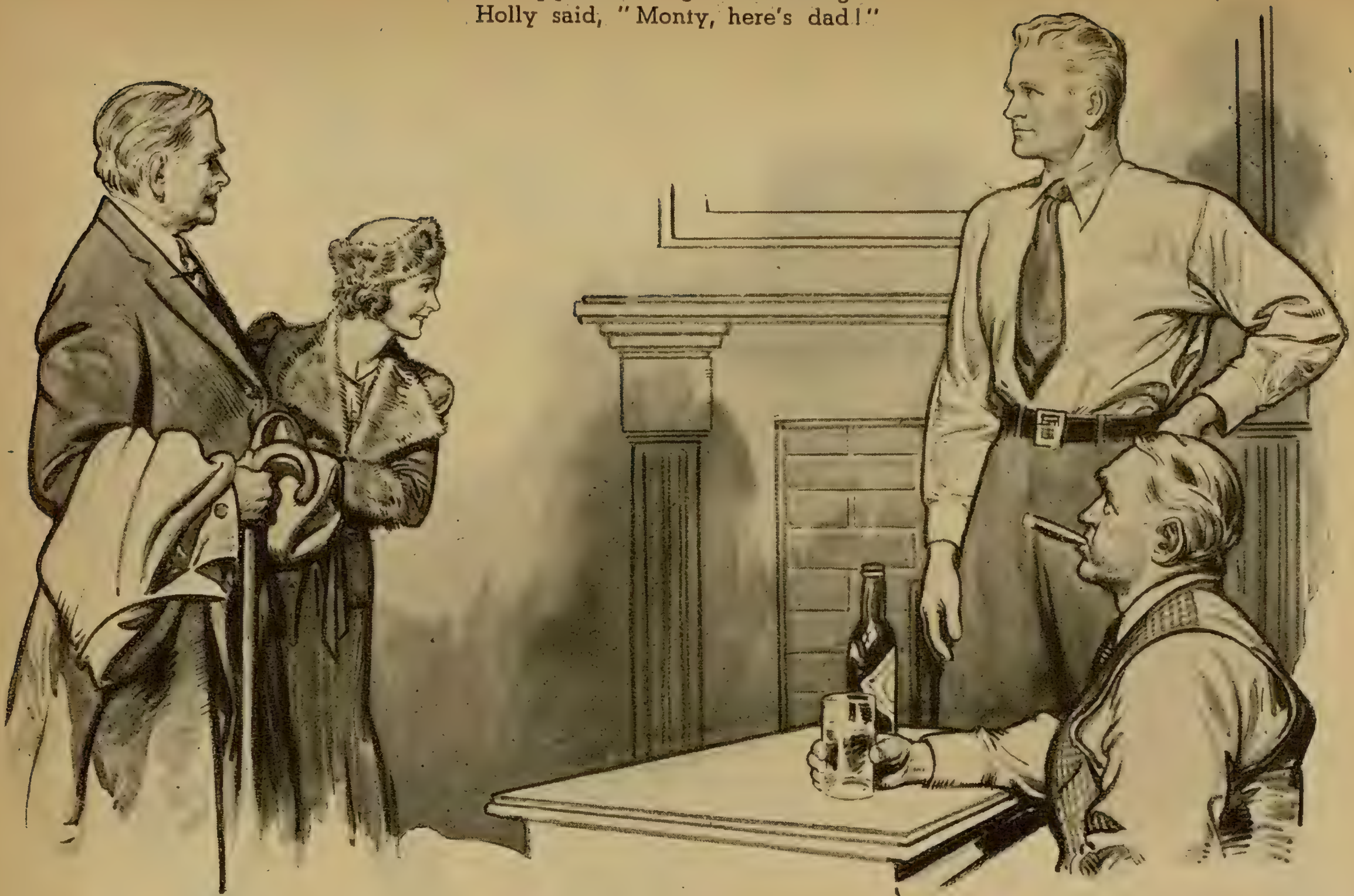
Everybody today can afford the best lamps—the kind that retain their brightness longer, use current economically, and do not burn out too soon. To punish your eyes with dim light is the worst of all false economies. Sight-saving sizes—100, 150, 200 watt—are now so cheap that you can afford to use them freely in place of the smaller sizes. For your own protection, be sure to look for this mark . More than ever it means good light at low cost.



Here you see graphically how the price of MAZDA lamps has gone steadily down, while efficiency—the amount of light produced per unit of current consumed—has gone up and up.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Monty paused at sight of the stranger. Holly said, "Monty, here's dad!"



(Continued from page twenty-four)

honeymoon like it was a show or something."

"You've been terribly sweet to us."

"Land, I ain't done a thing, child. I'd do a lot more for a fine fellow like Monty. Like Net always said, he's one man in a million, is Monty West."

"Net? You mean your niece?"

Aunt Mat nodded. "She's been telling me about him for years—what a swell young fellow he was and all. Why, for a while I thought—" The old lady stopped confusedly.

"You thought perhaps Annette would marry him, is that what you were going to say?" Holly said, smiling.

But there was something in the smile, in Holly's light, half-mocking tone that roused Aunt Mat to her darling Annette's defense. "Well, and maybe I did at that, dearie," she said. "Land knows, he was hangin' round her long enough. But I guess a girl can change her mind."

And later, retailing the scene to her husband, peeling potatoes at the kitchen sink with an apron tied under his armpits, she said, "I didn't set out to offend her. but I wasn't goin' to let her think that Net couldn't of had him if she'd wanted him."

"Maybe you was trying to make her jealous," he said.

"Well, if I did it won't hurt none," Aunt Mat said.

AUNT MAT'S thrust did not make Holly jealous but it deepened the sense of strangeness and distaste the newspapers had roused in her. Suddenly she saw her marriage as the world was seeing it—a sensational *mésalliance.*

When she joined Monty under the glowing maple, she said at once, "Monty, let's get away from all this."

He drew her arm through his. "Away from all what, sweetheart?"

She wanted to say, "Away from that fat common old woman and her terrible little house." But that wouldn't have been fair, and she knew it. For she wanted to get away from her own world as well as Monty's. She wanted to be alone with Monty. Alone they had been so happy!

"Oh, from everything."

"You've been letting that newspaper stuff upset you."

She nodded. "They make it all seem so—so sordid."

"Oh, I don't know about that," he said. "I don't think they said anything so bad."

"But, don't you see, it isn't only what they *said!* It's —it's so cheap!"

"Society weddings are written up in the papers too," he pointed out.

She looked up at him helplessly. His face was grave with concern for her, but it was clear he neither understood nor shared her distress.

"Maybe we can go away on a trip. Maybe we can take one of those cruises—to Europe, you know. I've always thought I'd like to go to Europe."

"A cruise!" She laughed shrilly. "I don't mean anything like that. I mean away somewhere by ourselves—alone—"

She broke off. Her eyes were stinging. She was on the verge of tears. Monty said nothing but he held her arm tightly pressed against his side and they walked slowly across the field toward a thin grove of willows and beeches.

"Let's sit down here. I'm tired."

Monty settled himself beside her. Presently he said gently, "What's the matter, sweetheart?"

"Oh, I don't know. Everything—" The tears began to come.

After a little she pushed him from her. "I'm a terrible little nitwit." She lay back and Monty took his coat off and made a pillow of it for her head. She said dreamily, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could just go on like this forever—strolling through one enchanted forest after another, lying down in the sun when we were tired—"

"And what would we do when it came time to eat?"

"Eat!" she said. "How could you! Why, we'd eat berries, of course, and—and acorns."

He stretched himself beside her, chin propped on elbows. "And how do you think I could fight on a diet of berries and acorns?"

"I was just thinking—" She plucked a blade of grass and drew it slowly through her fingers. "Must you fight any more, darling?

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

DR. ALBAN GIRAULT (at left), lately chief of clinic of Paris Faculty of Medicine, says: "It is almost unbelievable how well this new fresh yeast works. Instead of acting harshly as cathartics do, it stimulates secretion of digestive juices and restores bowel action naturally . . . *a notable discovery.*"

Patients in clinics are getting remarkable relief from this new food.

Almost unheard of, these results in a noted U.S. hospital:

IN HOSPITALS in this country, astonishing results are being obtained with the new Fleischmann's Yeast: 93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 83% of indigestion cases in another; 89% of skin cases of digestive origin in another . . . Typical cases from the actual records of one noted hospital follow:—

CASE OF T. E. MAN. AGE 30. Suffered from chronic constipation. Used strong cathartics habitually. Tongue coated.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week. *Easier bowel movements daily without laxatives.* Felt better.

CASE OF K. M. MAN. AGE 62. *Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for ten years.* Complained of discomfort from gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast improved digestion. *Patient discontinued cathartics and enemas—has normal movements.*

CASE OF K. Q. WOMAN. AGE 51. *Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for years.* Appetite poor. Frequent headaches. Very nervous.

After eating Fleischmann's new Yeast, appetite improved. *After one week, had daily evacuations without cathartics.* Feels well. Headaches and nervousness relieved.

Completely corrected by this new discovery. . . chronic CASES OF CONSTIPATION

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" your stomach and bowels need to work right. No other food, even fruits and vegetables, supplies enough of them!

HOSPITALS are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding *one food* to the diet!

For some time it has been known that "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—digestion slows up, people become constipated.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances.

But *one food* now supplies them in abundance. This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast—their *richest source!*

The new Fleischmann's Yeast builds up a healthier condition of the intestinal tract. It starts an increased flow of digestive juices. It tones and strengthens nerves and muscles all through your intestines.

Begin to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regularly—don't stop when you begin to feel better, but go on eating it! Follow the rules *below*. Digestion improves. Bowels work better. The skin clears. Energy increases.

Eat three cakes of the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast each day. People vary in the amount they need—some eat 4, 5 or even 6 cakes a day, although 3 cakes daily is usually enough. A little experimenting will show you just the amount *you* need. *Eat it just plain,* or dissolved in ⅓ glassful of water . . . or in milk, fruit juices or fountain drinks. Many like it spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it a chance to start your digestive juices flowing before *other* food enters your stomach.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually (not all at once). As the new Fleischmann's Yeast strengthens your digestive system, you can stop using laxatives and cathartics entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

In recent tests, Fleischmann's new Yeast increased peptic activity up to 30%; speeded up stomach's "emptying time" 34%; increased gastric secretion and motility measurably.

The most important substance in this new yeast resembles a *digestive hormone.* It also supplies *four vitamins:* Vitamin A, for the health of epithelial tissue, B for proper nerve functioning, G for growth, and D to aid in the assimilation of lime.

THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine. Eaten daily, it can give you complete bowel regularity . . . (This new Fleischmann's Yeast is as good as ever for baking.)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Constipation may be serious, especially if due to an organic disorder. To be sure, see a doctor.

NRA CODE

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(Continued from page twenty-six)

Can't you—well, can't you afford to retire?"

"Retire! Good gosh, why should I retire? I'm good for another five or six years yet—maybe more. And what would I do with myself if I did retire?"

"Oh, you could—travel, and—well, what any man does when he retires."

"But I don't know how to do anything else. All I know is boxing." There was a little silence. Then Monty took her chin in his hand and tilted her face back. She saw that he was quite white and he was searching her face with lost, scared eyes. "Holly, you—you're not sorry about that, are you? I mean, you're not ashamed, are you, that I—"

"*Monty!*" She crumpled forward into his arms and hid her burning face against his shoulder. "How could you say such a thing! How could you *think* such a thing—"

Monty was no student of psychology and Shakespeare was little more than a name to him. The vehemence of her protest reassured him and he held her close. . . .

The shades in Mrs. Sayles's bedroom were drawn, the windows closed against the insistent voice of the city. Mr. Sayles, opening the door very softly, warned the doctor, "She may be asleep."

"No, I'm not asleep. Good morning, Dr. Frank."

She gave him a wan, dutiful smile.

He turned to Mr. Sayles. "Why not take her out for a drive?" Mr. Sayles returned the doctor's bland smile with an indignant glare. "What's the trouble? Those newspaper fellows still hanging around? As I told you yesterday, the best way to get rid of them is to see them. Invite them all in, give them a drink and a little story for their papers—"

"Please, doctor," Mrs. Sayles said faintly.

He reached out and patted her hand but continued to look at her husband. "Don't you think it's pretty silly to let a few reporters keep you a prisoner in your own house?"

"When my wife is sufficiently recovered to—"

"You can't cure a disease by ignoring it, my dear man. The sooner you face this business openly and sensibly, the sooner you'll both be back on your feet. I'm sorry for you. But, after all, you've got to face it."

Mrs. Sayles sighed deeply and her husband said, "I don't think you realize, doctor—"

"I realize everything perfectly well, and if you stop to think about it *you'll* realize it might have been a lot worse. This prize fighter, as far as I can find out, is a pretty decent sort of chap. Doesn't smoke or drink, has never been mixed up with women—"

"Do you think a girl like Holly can be happy with a prize fighter?"

"I don't think it at all unlikely," Dr. Frank said. "She must love the man—"

"Love! She was simply infatuated—"

"How can you be so sure of that? I know Holly pretty well, and I'll wager *she* knows the difference between infatuation and love. She ought to, a girl who's had men trailing her ever since she was this high." He stooped for his case.

SUDDENLY, in a voice choking with indignation and reproach, Mrs. Sayles demanded from her bed, "Doctor, how would *you* like to lose your only daughter—your only child, after striving for over twenty years to—"

"Lose her! *Lose* her!" the doctor said. "Who said anything about losing her? Good God, do you think I'd let any man rob me of my daughter? Not on your life! I'd take him in, even if he was a one-eyed convict and black to boot!" And he went striding out.

It was his wife's voice that roused Mr. Sayles at last. "Oliver," she said, "I'm going to get up and dress. It's true, of course, that the boy might not be utterly impossible. It's an honest profession at least—as I've heard you say innumerable times. Will you hand me my negligee, please? Thanks."

He held it while she thrust her arms in the sleeves.

"Ollie!" Holding her negligee together with one hand, she smoothed her uncombed hair with the other. "Ollie, do you suppose they're back in town yet?"

Their eyes locked and clung and wavered apart almost guiltily.

"How should I know?" he demanded. "No, I suppose not. If they'd come back you may be sure the papers would have let us know of it."

He was quite right about this. Three days later the press announced the return of the newlyweds: CHAMPION AND BRIDE BACK FROM BRIEF HONEYMOON.

Holly was tremendously, excitedly happy those first few days after her return to New York. And Monty's "sumptuous suite" was a bedlam. Streams of people—mostly men—pouring through it all day, mountains of letters, telegrams, and invitations, endless phone calls.

She adored on sight Monty's flat-nosed, cauliflower-eared manager, Otto Spech.

Otto had presented himself the morning after their return in a checked suit and lilac silk shirt. "So this is Mrs. Champ," he said. "Well, then—" and kissed her a loud smack on the cheek.

Holly rubbed off the kiss, blushing to her eyes, while Monty roared with laughter.

ON her third day in town, Holly sneaked out through the service entrance and went shopping, paying for her purchases and sending them home in George Flemming's name so that she would not be recognized.

She bought a red evening dress and a leaf-green suit with gray-squirrel half-sleeves and lapels and a tiny squirrel-trimmed hat to match.

She wore the leaf-green suit home, her brown eyes golden in the late afternoon light, her cheeks whipped crimson by the chill air. She hoped Monty would like her suit. She could imagine his face when he saw her.

Thinking so intently of Monty, she was halfway through the revolving doors of the hotel before she remembered that she had meant to go in the service entrance. She hurried through the milling lobby, looking straight ahead of her. She was entering the elevator when a page touched her arm.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. West, but there is a gentleman—"

"I'm sorry. I can't see any one now," she said and found herself looking into her father's eyes. He was smiling at her a little uncertainly. "Dad! Daddy!"

"Well, daughter!"

In his arms she could only repeat, "Daddy! Daddy darling!"

"I was just leaving as you came in," he said. "I was told that you could see no one—"

"They couldn't have known it was *you*." She drew away from him. "Dad, how's mother?"

"Pretty well, dear, and sends her love."

"Oh, dad!" And then she became aware of the circle of faces forming about them, of a red-headed young man making across the lobby hotfoot. She grabbed her father's arm and pulled him into the elevator. "Close the door and take us up—quick!" she told the operator.

Upstairs she hurried her father down the corridor into her own bedroom and locked the door behind them.

"Oh, daddy, I'm so g-glad to see you!"

"And I to see you, pet!"

He sat down and drew her to his knees. "Holly, are you happy?"

She drew in a long, tremulous breath. "Oh, daddy! I *am*—so happy! Dad, if Monty came from the oldest family on earth and had a dozen college degrees, he couldn't be finer." She stood up and spread her hands in an imploring gesture. "You and mother will try to love him, won't you?"

"There seems to be no alternative for us," he said. He smiled round the room. "But where do you keep him? Where is this paragon among sons-in-law?"

"Come along—" she took him by the hand and led him out.

Monty and Otto Spech were together in the big gold-and-green sitting room. They were in their shirt sleeves, Otto sitting beside a table with a bottle of beer. Monty was standing with his back to the fireplace, his legs spread, grinning broadly at his manager. When he saw Holly, he started for her, but paused at sight of the stranger.

Holly said, "Monty, here's dad!"

If she had said, "Let there be silence!" the silence could not have been more complete.

Then Otto labored up out of his chair and Monty stepped forward, his grin gone, an embarrassed smile in its place. "Your father! Well—well, I—I'm pleased to meet you, sir."

"The pleasure is mutual, then," Mr. Sayles said warmly, shaking hands. "Unfortunately Holly's mother was unable to come with me today, but she asked me to tell you she is looking forward to seeing you soon."

"Well, that—that's mighty kind of her—er—meet my manager, Mr. Spech."

Otto and Mr. Sayles shook hands.

TO Holly it was as though the whole room had altered, as though she had never seen it before. Its determined magnificence was suddenly overpowering. She noticed with horror that Monty's silk shirt was the shade of green apples and that his socks and tie were a matching hue.

"Oh, no, nothing very serious," Mr. Sayles was saying in response to a question of Monty's, "but the doctor thought she should remain quiet a day or two longer." His voice was kind and beautifully easy.

"Well, I guess I'd better step along," Otto said. He shook hands again with Mr. Sayles, told Monty he'd be seeing him, and made for the door.

"My chief motive in dropping in today was to see if I couldn't lure you up to the house to dine with us tonight," Mr. Sayles was saying.

Holly dropped down on the arm of his chair. "Dad, how darling of you. Of course we'll come—won't we, Monty?"

"Why—sure. Glad to." But Monty did not sound glad. "It's certainly nice of you to invite us. I mean—" He stopped and his face reddened. "I feel pretty bad about this whole thing, Mr. Sayles. I mean about the way Holly and I ran off on you. But I didn't mean to do it that way. I meant to do the right thing. I came to see you—"

"Yes, yes, I know you did," Mr. Sayles said quickly. "Doubtless I was as much at fault as you. My wife and I have been thinking," Mr. Sayles went on, smiling, "that a hotel is a pretty friendless place for a honeymoon. We've been wondering if, perhaps, you wouldn't like to come to us for a bit—until you find a suitable home of your own." He laid an arm round Holly's shoulders. "We'll talk it over tonight, shall we?"

"Thanks—thanks a lot."

"Watch out for the reporters, dad," Holly said, hugging him at the door. She closed it after him and went slowly back to Monty. "Monty! Isn't it too wonderful! I thought I'd lost them forever." She took him by the shoulders and shook him, and laughing and crying she said, "Did you hear him, darling? It *will* be nice to get away from this ghastly place."

Ghastly place! Monty's eyes swung wonderingly over the room which had so beautifully epitomized for him not only his success but all that was harmonious and elegant.

His eyes came back miserably to Holly and she leaned her head against his arm and smiled up at him. "Darling, I'm so happy, so happy! This makes it all perfect."

Yes, this made it perfect for her. He drew off the little new hat and laid his cheek on her dark head so that she would not see his empty eyes.

"Sure," he said, "sure, this makes everything just fine."

"Fine" yes—for Holly. But how will Monty make out in the Sayles home; with the Sayleses' friends? And, especially, how will he meet the bitter ultimatum soon to be posed by Holly's father? Next week's installment discloses new obstacles facing the miles-apart lovers as they grope their way toward happiness.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—When were the letters S O S adopted as the universal distress call?

2—What and where is Smoketown?

3—When was the first recorded use of the expression "God save the king"?

4—What Canadian explorer discovered a race of so-called blond Eskimos who had never seen a white man?

5—Where are the Farallon Islands?

6—What causes rain?

7—When was Mount Holyoke College for Women organized?

8—How did the cities of Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario and Michigan, get their name?

9—In mathematics what is the difference between a theorem and a problem?

10—What are the Rechabites?

11—What novelist became Prime Minister of England?

12—A metaphor is what?

13—When did the Civil War begin and end?

14—What is the area of Vancouver Island, British Columbia?

15—What is the full name of H. G. Wells, the English novelist?

16—What Biblical character was known as "the beloved physician"?

17—For whom was Roosevelt Hospital, New York City, named?

18—When was the first Parliament of the Dominion of Canada opened?

19—What two great American writers were born in 1809?

20—For how many miles is the Mississippi navigable?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

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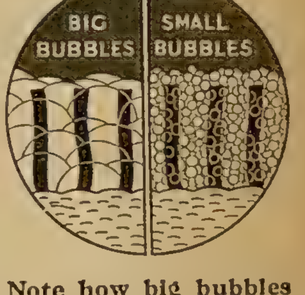

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The Empire of the

What Next for Huey Long? Liberty's Investigator Surveys His Future in the Light of His Astonishing Past

by WILL IRWIN

Acme photo

The Kingfish as he looks today. "He owes his dictatorship to the depression, whose hardships he capitalized."

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

THIS—they say who know him best—is how Huey P. Long got his nickname. In the days when he was the disturbing Public Service Commissioner of Louisiana, he sat in conference with the chief lieutenants of his modest machine. He had issued an unpalatable order, and the rest of the company began to argue the point.

"Oh, shut up!" he roared suddenly. "I'm the king fish in this pond and what I say goes—see!" Whereupon the boys began calling him "the king fish." Realizing the value of a nickname, he warped the two words together into "Kingfish," adopted it into his own vocabulary.

One suspects that the word gives him a thrill, expressing as it does the man's ruling characteristic. From the day when first he hung out his shingle as a lawyer, Huey P. Long had to dominate every one in his immediate environment or know the reason why. This trait, both his critics and his admirers say, explains some of his vagaries in that strange period of his life when, elected governor, he found himself faced by a hostile legislature. He was to remedy that in time—to make the legislative branch of the state a willing servant. But in the meantime this opposition rasped his nerves to the verge of insanity.

The same trait may help to explain his restlessness on the floor of the Senate. In all his long political career he has never before found it necessary to sit in conference with equals. As Public Service Commissioner, as governor, as senator and absentee boss in Louisiana, he was king fish in his pool or puddle. And now he proposes to be king fish in that vast ocean which is Washington.

Very likely he cherished a Presidential ambition, mixed with a desire to remedy this sad world, from his boyhood. He was avowing it openly before he had been governor a year. When he tore down the old Executive Mansion at Baton Rouge, he replaced it by an imitation of the White House—"So that I can get used to living there," he said. When, during the Hoover administra-

Kingfish

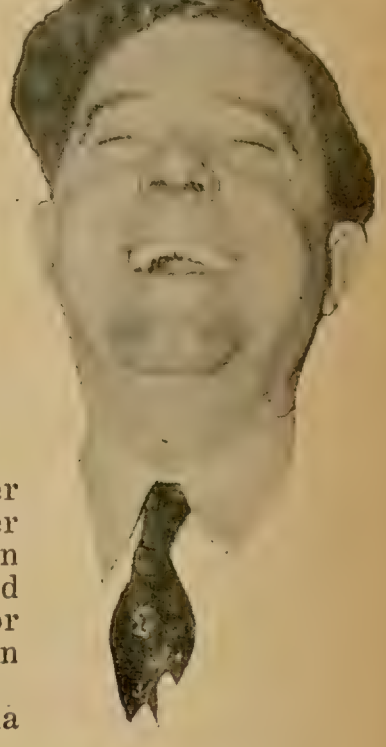
tion, he received Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge in New Orleans, he nominated himself, in presence of the reporters, as Hoover's successor. At the time these remarks passed as part of that clowning which he has recently abandoned. Probably they were as sincere as anything he ever said in his life.

Even before that, he had formed his policies both gubernatorial and Presidential. A warm and close friend tells me that on the night when Long was elected to the Senate, they drove together to that room where the new senator keeps his papers and files. "I've got something to show you," said Long. He found a faded document in an unformed boyish hand. "I wrote this when I was twenty-one," he added as he handed it over. It was a kind of declaration of political principles. "And," remarked the friend afterward, "fixed up a little, he could deliver it as a speech today. It contains all the principles on which he has built his career."

This observer probably failed to see an implied criticism in his remark. As Huey Long was at twenty-one, so perhaps he is today—the brilliant boy who never grew up. One can almost reconstruct the original inspirations of this document. In it, probably, beat a protest against the wrongs of that underprivileged class in which Huey Long was born. It probably summarized that old resentment of the rural South and West against the "Wall Street money devil," the "predatory trusts," and the "grasping corporations." Doubtless youth's idealistic dream of a perfect and just world infused it. And very likely behind the words one could have perceived that the knight in shining armor who was going to slay the corporation dragon was none other than the author, Huey P. Long.

His motto, "Share Our Wealth," was not formulated until after he became governor; but, from the very day when he took his first elective office as railroad commissioner, attacks on the corporations served him as his best political stock-in trade. Even though he has often played with the corporations, the theme runs through all the ballyhoo of his campaigns. This may be a matter of set and eternal conviction. One has no right perhaps to dig overdeeply into the inner motives of Huey P. Long or any other public man. Certainly through all his inconsistencies he has stuck consistently to the principle that the rich should bear the burden of taxation. But with the people who serve as the nucleus of his popular strength, attacks on specific corporations are always popular. He has made the Standard Oil Company of Louisiana, for example, his private punching bag. The old monopolistic octopus of Standard Oil, which Ida Tarbell attacked thirty years ago, has long since disappeared. This corporation merely has the same name. But the name and the memory have helped serve the purposes of Huey Long.

Even when he was titular governor of Louisiana Long's energies spilled over into the adjoining states. Unwelcomed by the constituted authorities, he invaded those districts most thickly inhabited by the element which he inspires, addressing barbecues, picnics, farmers' assemblies—a one-man vaudeville show. He proclaimed the end of poverty in Louisiana—and everywhere, provided the populace listens to Huey P. Long. He has met with varying success. When he strayed as far west as Kansas, the farmers gave him scant courtesy. He has made his most substantial hit, outside of his own state, in Arkansas. When he invaded the Ozarks to campaign for Mrs. Hattie Caraway, she was in process of losing a hot and complicated campaign for senator. Huey Long swept away the opposition and stands responsible for her election. He was to cause her much later embarrassment when he broke with the President and set up Joseph T. Robinson, senior senator from Arkansas, as his own enemy.



Mississippi, adjoining Louisiana

to the north and east, listened to Long and went radical. Ex-Governor Bilbo, capitalizing this feeling, ran for senator from Mississippi, and won. He too elected to stand by President Roosevelt in the pinch, and Long cannot count on his support. However, it seems certain that on a national issue Long will show much strength in his state, whatever Bilbo may do. When last February he returned to Washington from the bloodless Battle of Baton Rouge, the Lower House of Georgia invited him to expound his theories from the floor—an almost certain proof of wide support in that state. Immediately the legislatures of Arkansas, Tennessee, and Alabama voted down similar resolutions. But the manner of these stanch Democratic Solons was a trifle nervous, as though they knew that Long had more quiet strength than they dared admit.

His field lieutenant, the Rev. Gerald Smith, is busily organizing Share - Our - Wealth Clubs throughout the United States, North as well as South. Professedly, this work is financing itself through dues. Actually—as every organizer understands—creating any nation-wide society, club, or lodge costs much initial money apart from dues. Where he gets the money for this purpose, no one exactly knows. Perhaps it is the overflow from the steady contributions of his admirably greased job machine in Louisiana. Nor does any one know exactly how many supporters his organizers have gathered in. But the response to one of his radio talks last February gives a glimpse of his strength. It brought more than 60,000 letters, mostly in all probability from the South; and his office says that only three of them were adverse in tone.

Times-Picayune photo

A picture the Kingfish didn't know was being taken. It shows him (arrow), with all those National Guardsmen and personal bodyguards protecting him and stopping traffic for him, as he crossed a New Orleans street to attend a legislative "probe" into the city's affairs.

In Louisiana, both friends and enemies agree that the astute Long owes his dictatorship to the depression, whose hardships and irritations he capitalized.

HE is building his new national machine on the same foundation. In 1932 the country swung to the left and elected Franklin D. Roosevelt on a New Deal platform—mild radicalism if you wish to call it that. The leader of any such sudden movement as this must envisage the risk that his followers will go farther than he desires. By this process Robespierre eventually succeeded Mirabeau and Lenin replaced Kerensky. President Roosevelt faces in modified degree the same quandary.

Last year Upton Sinclair arose in southern California with his "Epic" plan for creating Utopia overnight, and all but won a seat as governor. Every one knows the following which Father Charles E. Coughlin of Detroit has rolled up by his radio talks, whose burden is revolutionary revision of our ideas on money. Dr. F. E. Townsend's glamorous plan for making the aged comfortable and happy while at the same time reviving business would have seemed insane moonshine in the comfortable days of Coolidge. Now Townsend, like Long, has clubs to advance his theory in every state of the Union. Scattered over the country lies the material for a third party of formidable proportions—provided only that times do not improve and that it finds a leader.

No one who has followed his career doubts that Long proposes to be that leader. None among these other captains of guerrilla hosts has any experience with the rough side of politics. In the South at least, Long can strike the fancy of this "disinherited multitude" even better than Father Coughlin; and perhaps he can find as good a formula for the North. Beyond that, he has lived through ten years of stormy practical politics during which he has performed the miracle of imposing almost absolute one-man rule on an American state.

He seems equally good at both the strategy and the tactics of politics. Digressing for an example of his farseeing strategy: When the state voted the first third of the money necessary for his road program, even his followers expected that he would begin by running main roads to link important cities.

HE did nothing of the kind. He ran these roads star fashion for only a few miles from each town. The opposition roared; some of his supporters wondered privately if he was crazy. The event, as usual, justified his foresight. For the inhabitants along the unpaved stretches, perceiving the advantage of good roads, became clamorous for the same improvement; and the only way to get it was to vote more money—which the electorate proceeded to do by a handsome majority.

For an example of his tactics: When General Hugh Johnson delivered his already celebrated invective against Long and Father Coughlin, Long announced in the Senate that he intended to answer over the radio. The companies gave him a nation-wide hookup. Some fifty million people stayed at home that night expecting a masterpiece of billingsgate. Long scarcely mentioned Johnson. He used the time to expound his theories to this, the greatest audience he had ever drawn even on the air!

Again: In February a Democratic Senate passed a measure, introduced by Long, to investigate the personal finances of James Farley, Postmaster-General. Capitol reporters, mystified by the lack of opposition, concluded that the administration was simply giving him rope to hang himself. Long has been given rope before; but the loop has almost invariably gone about some one else's neck. In this case an admirer of Long's abilities, if not of his theories, may be pardoned for guessing that he accomplished the miracle by his skill in trading, his persuasiveness, and his ability to hold a sword over vulnerable heads. Doubtless, if the adherents of other osophies, ologies, and isms who are gathering up the raw material for a third party dare oppose him, he will urge them gently into his fold or break them as a rod of iron breaks a broomstick.

For any exhibition which Huey Long consents to adorn becomes at once a one-man show. If ever in his life he played second fiddle, it was only by way of getting into the orchestra preparatory to shouldering the conductor off from the platform and seizing the baton.

A supporter of Long who understands his methods was philosophizing, during the election season of 1934, on Upton Sinclair's campaign in California.

"Sinclair's all wet," said this understanding man. "If he had just said that he proposed to give every one in California a job, a good income, or a piece of land, and had added to that a few general hints, he'd have a cinch. But he's made the mistake of handing out a whole program with all the details. That hands the opposition something to sink its teeth into. Huey knows better than that. He just says, 'I'm going to prohibit all incomes running over a million dollars and reduce all fortunes to three million. That will give the government sixteen or seventeen billions to play with. I'm going to take that and fix it so that every one will have a house worth five thousand dollars, an income of three thousand dollars a year.' Or is it fifteen hundred? Well, anyhow, a lot of money. He virtually asks them to leave the details to him, and stops there!

"There's another advantage in his plan. He's not saying that we're going to abolish capitalism. Quite the contrary. He's fighting Roosevelt because of the Socialist slant in the New Deal. A lot of the rich—at least, those who aren't too rich—will like that. And of course the Share-Our-Wealth slogan gets the unemployed and the poor."

INDEED, this vagueness of the Long program, as announced, gives it strength in another direction. Having omitted the details, he is in an admirable position to trade—in case of necessity, to select enough items from the Coughlin program, the Sinclair program, or the Townsend program to attract the followers or even the leaders. Even now he seems to be working for a closer understanding with Coughlin; and some of the Western Progressives, beholding his strength, are wondering if they can afford to follow him.

Will he persist in his third-party plan, or is it only a ruse to capture the Democratic Party? Sober observers of Louisiana politics believe that he is putting himself in a position to take either course according to circumstances and convenience. Farsighted as he is, he does not expect—they think—to capture the Presidency in 1936. By that time, however, he hopes to have a skeleton Share-Our-Wealth party spread across the country. He will try for the Democratic nomination and, in all human probability, fail. But what with his Southern support, he may make considerable showing.

Already he will have picked the winner of the Republican nomination—just as he picked Roosevelt for the

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A TWIST...IT'S CLOSED!

Democratic in 1932. Long may approach him, these observers think, and offer a trade—a third party designed to split the Democrats, in return for certain concessions in the South in case of Republican success. Should all that happen, Long will organize the South as a foundation for a real attempt, either as a Democrat or a third-party man, in 1940. If the Republican be unpersuadable, Long may make one of his ungraceful but effective retreats and support the Democrats; or he may go on with the third party in spite of the Republican rebuff. Being supremely an opportunist, he will follow that course which promises best for 1940.

He has several hurdles to take before that time, however. By 1936 we may be on the plain road to real recovery; by 1940 things may be booming again. And Long is a bear operator; public disaster is his meat. With jobs plentiful, his support would melt away. Having thrown down the gauntlet in characteristically irritating fashion to the Roosevelt administration, he has taken on not one opponent but a whole group; and they themselves are very formidable politicians. Already the administration has removed the Louisiana patronage from his hands. However, he has no need to worry about that. Before this happened he had virtually warped all local workers in the " alphabetical " relief projects into his job machine. What does one collector of the port matter beside seven thousand CCC men?

Nevertheless, it is a challenge and, as I can testify from personal observation, a major offense to the Long supporters. " They call Huey a dictator! " burst out one of them. " When a representative of the administration tells him that he can't name so much as a postmaster unless he plays ball—what do you call *that?* "

The administration, however, holds a high card which it must play whether it wishes or no. When a few years ago the Hoover administration began looking into certain income-tax returns, it included in its investigation some of Long's closest and most faithful associates. This matter passed on to the Roosevelt regime as unfinished business; and last year a grand jury at New Orleans indicted seven of them. I shall of course not prejudge a case now before the courts; but every one in touch with this process knows that if these income-tax returns were falsified, it was to cover up irregularities in administration of state expenditures—especially those for roads. If these indictments end in conviction, can even Huey Long, the breaker of political precedent, survive the shock?

NO one can guess how Louisiana, with pressure from his efficient machine removed, would vote on the issue of Huey Long. The question is academic. As things stand, he is a certainty for re-election to the Senate or the governorship or whatever office he wishes. He holds the election machinery. What politician wants more? Yet resentment against his dictatorship over Louisiana is growing; if not in extent, at least in intensity. When at the end of last January he swooped down from Washington and called out the militia to suppress the half-armed Square Deal Association, he may have nipped in the bud a formidable rebellion. It goes without saying that politicians deprived of their jobs by his blunt and ruthless methods hate him to the marrow of their bones. So do municipal and parish officials in the districts which his machine does not completely control. They have seen him seize more and more of these small units by the arbitrary laws of his obedient legislature and even, as in the case of East Baton Rouge Parish, partly by force of arms. Unless some one stops him, it may be their turn next.

Some of the corporations on which he has laid new burdens of taxation are with him; the majority, probably, accept his rule most unwillingly. With them are aligned a small army of mere citizens who resent his encroachments on their liberties. Of such is that women's society in New Orleans whose members have held public auctions of their jewels in order to fill their war chest. The Square Deal Association expressed a similar spirit. Ernest Bourgeois, a candid, idealistic boy in his twenties, led it. In the first brush, the bloodless Battle of Baton Rouge, the honors were all with the dictator. But Bourgeois represents thousands who hold his principles. And country merchants have been reporting lately a brisk market for rifles.

" Louisiana," says one shrewd observer, " is at the mercy of an incident." That lovable, easygoing state has a way of enduring gracefully—and then exploding. For years it seemed to take lightly the oppressions of the reconstruction period. Then in 1874 a mere police-court case in an interior town stirred up a gory riot, and Louisiana blazed suddenly into general rebellion. The Grant administration had the choice of facing a new Civil War or virtually ending carpetbag rule, and chose the easier, more liberal course.

Some such incident may snap the tension before another year has passed; and we may see Long's half-unwilling militia, backed up by irregulars from his machine, trying to suppress guerrilla warfare. This is not likely; but it is possible. In such a crisis the federal government would occupy a singular and delicate position. Under the present army organization, it owns the arms which the state militia would wield, and has presumably the right to call them in.

MOREOVER, there is precedent for intervening to prevent armed strife within a state. I, as a boy, witnessed that odd episode. " Blood-to-the-Bridles " Waite, a wild Populist, was governor of Colorado. As such, he tried to interfere in the municipal affairs of Denver by removing the Police Commission. The city government resisted. Waite called out several companies of militia, including a battery of light artillery, lined them up in the park before City Hall, and gave the mayor until ten o'clock to evacuate. Thereupon the windows and eaves of City Hall came alive with men in broad hats who toyed with repeating rifles—dead shots from the mountains, sworn in as deputies and led by the expert Soapy Smith.

A committee of prominent citizens persuaded the governor to hold off while they tried to negotiate peace. This was a stall; they had already telegraphed to President Cleveland. At three o'clock (as I remember the episode) the governor called off negotiations and set the attack for four. Then a bugle sounded in the distance, and several companies of the Seventh United States Infantry from Fort Logan marched in smart column-of-fours between the combatants. That ended civil war in Colorado. Uncle Sam's professionals had arrived; the starch went out of the amateurs.

Waite, however, had made no special issue of his hatred for Cleveland, while Long is spending half of his time in fighting Roosevelt and Farley. And Waite was not boot-high to Long as a manipulator of public opinion or as a showman. Long knows, above all, how to interpret opposition as persecution. In these circumstances, the federal government might hesitate to take a hand.

Long, to sum him up, has played his game as a gambler with life. Like all big gamblers, he has pyramided. He has had, so far, magnificent luck. He has lost battles; he has never lost a campaign. When and if that happens, the whole ill-founded structure may clatter round his ears.

Meantime, I commend him to the attention of those chains of newspapers, labor leaders, and patriotic societies so jittery just at present over Communism. The Communists have been hard at work through that depression which they regarded as their opportunity. And they remain merely an annoyance, not a peril—a minor and discouraged sect whose sole political triumph is the election of a local government in one or two small Western towns. They " do not speak our language "; Communism has not caught the American idiom. Probably the silver-shirted or khaki-shirted Fascists have fared no better.

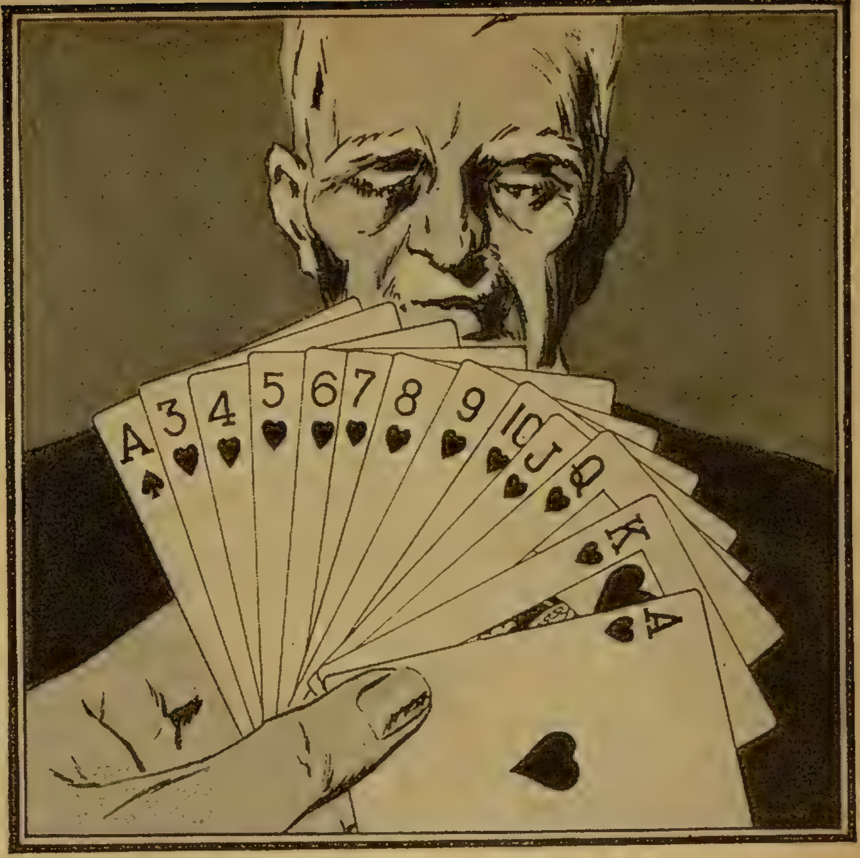
Shrewd observers have prophesied all along that if ever we should lose our heads or our souls and stampede either to the right or to the left, the inspiration would be some man or some theory of purely American origin. Just possibly, Long is the man and Share Our Wealth the theory. And as it looks now, his show more closely resembles the German or Italian scheme than the Russian. Elected governor of Louisiana, he made himself dictator; elected President of the United States, he would probably aim no lower.

THE END

Sacrifice Bid

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by MALCOLM LOGAN



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE two men greeted each other with the casual friendliness of business acquaintances.

"Hope you didn't invite me to lunch to talk business," said Stanley Carr.

"There's something I want to talk to you about, but it can wait." Gordon Bradford swung around in his chair and transferred an envelope from his desk drawer to his coat pocket. He put on his hat and coat and they went out, small dapper Carr hurrying to keep up with the bank manager's long strides.

Seated in the restaurant, Bradford asked politely about Carr's Caribbean cruise.

"I put over something that was worth the price of the trip," Carr said. He laughed, tremendously pleased with himself.

"You know, Bradford, I've always wanted to get into a game with ship gamblers. I was willing to drop a little money to see how they work. I'm supposed to be a pretty fair bridge player, but I never imagined I could trim a gang of those pirates at their own game.

"There were two card sharps on the ship and I spotted them the second day out—I'm pretty good at sizing up people, you know. They must have taken me for a sucker, because that night they came up to me in the bar and suggested some bridge. I said I'd play and they started looking around for a fourth. There was an old man sitting over in a corner and nobody else around, so they said they'd ask him.

"Can you imagine it, Bradford, as soon as they started away the barman whispered to me that they were professional gamblers. As if I didn't know my way around!"

Carr laughed loudly and looked expectantly at his host. A faint smile appeared at the corners of Bradford's mouth.

"Naturally," Carr went on, "the minute they went over to the old man, I said, 'Oh-oh, he's one of their gang.' I was wrong there, though, because when I joined them he was saying he'd be glad to play in a sociable game, but not if anybody put up any money.

"I could see the gamblers were disgusted, but just to put them on the spot I said I was willing to play for nothing, so they had to go through with it. We got some cards and sat down and I cut the old man for my partner. We made a game in no trump, and then on the next deal I picked up a regular rock crusher—twelve hearts with all the honors and the ace of spades. It looked almost too good to be true, and if we hadn't been playing for nothing I'd have known there was something funny about it.

"The gambler on my right opened with a spade. I doubled, and the old man took me out in diamonds. The gambler rebid his spades and I decided to stop fooling, so I bid seven hearts. Well, damned if the gambler didn't bid seven spades.

"I was disgusted and I told him so. 'Do you call that sporting,' I said, 'to make a sacrifice bid just to gyp me out of the satisfaction of making a vulnerable grand slam, when there's no money up?'

"'What do you mean, sacrifice bid?' he came back. 'I'm going to make seven spades. Are you doubling?'

"I looked at my hand again, and there was the ace of spades all right, so I said, 'Sure I'm doubling.'

"'Redouble!' he snapped.

"'Listen,' I told him. 'You couldn't make seven spades if you were Thurston.'

"He gave me a nasty kind of a smile and said, 'You wouldn't like to back up your opinion, would you?'

"I called him on that. I pulled out my checkbook and asked, 'How much?'

"'Any amount you feel you can afford,' he said. So I wrote my check for a thousand and put it on the table. I couldn't afford to lose that much, but I knew I couldn't lose. When he covered my check, I spread my hand.

"'Tell me how you make seven spades without the ace,' I said.

"SAY, Bradford, you'd have died laughing to see him. He looked at the ace of spades in my hand and then he looked at his cards and slammed them down on the table and began to curse. He had the ace of clubs in with his spades and he thought it was the ace of spades.

"I started to reach for the checks when the old man, my partner, put his hand on them.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this has gone far enough. We agreed that there would be no gambling and you've both broken your word. With your permission, I'm going to tear up these checks.'

"I was burning up, but what could I do? I had to sit there and watch that interfering old fool tear up a thousand bucks right under my nose. But anyway I had the satisfaction of trimming that card sharp, even if I didn't get anything out of it."

"That's quite a story," Bradford said slowly. "By the way, what day did you get back?"

Carr looked puzzled. "Last Thursday. Why?"

Bradford took an envelope from his pocket and began to look through a sheaf of canceled checks.

Carr watched him, his bewilderment changing to alarm.

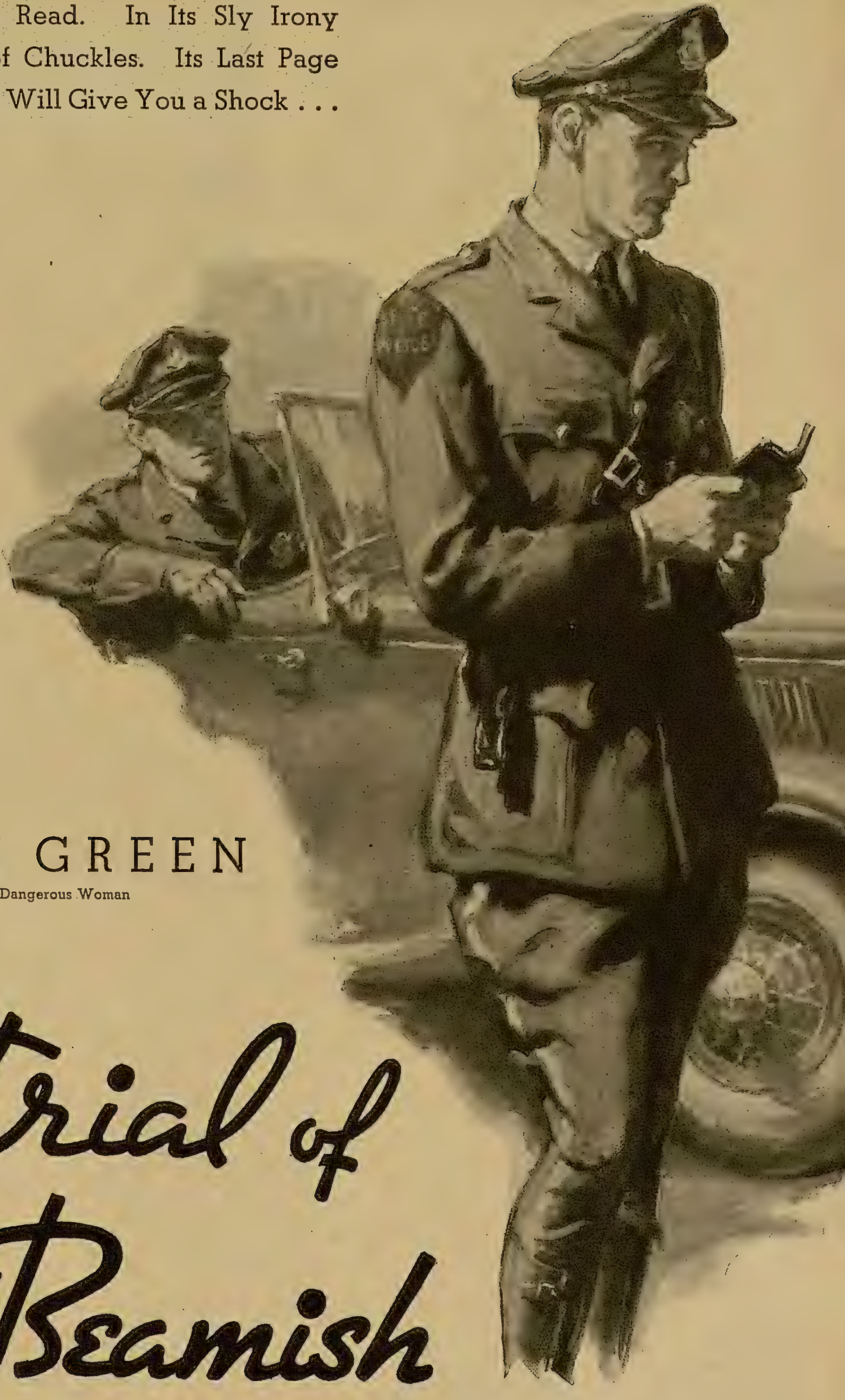
"Say, what's all this about?"

"The last check you wrote overdrew your account," his banker said.

He pushed one of the canceled checks across the table. "We cashed this last Thursday, the day your boat docked. Is that the check the old man tore up? . . . Waiter! A double brandy, quick!"

THE END

Here Is a Mystery Thriller the Like of Which, Perhaps, You Never Read. In Its Sly Irony You'll Find a Feast of Chuckles. Its Last Page (Don't Look at It Now) Will Give You a Shock . . .



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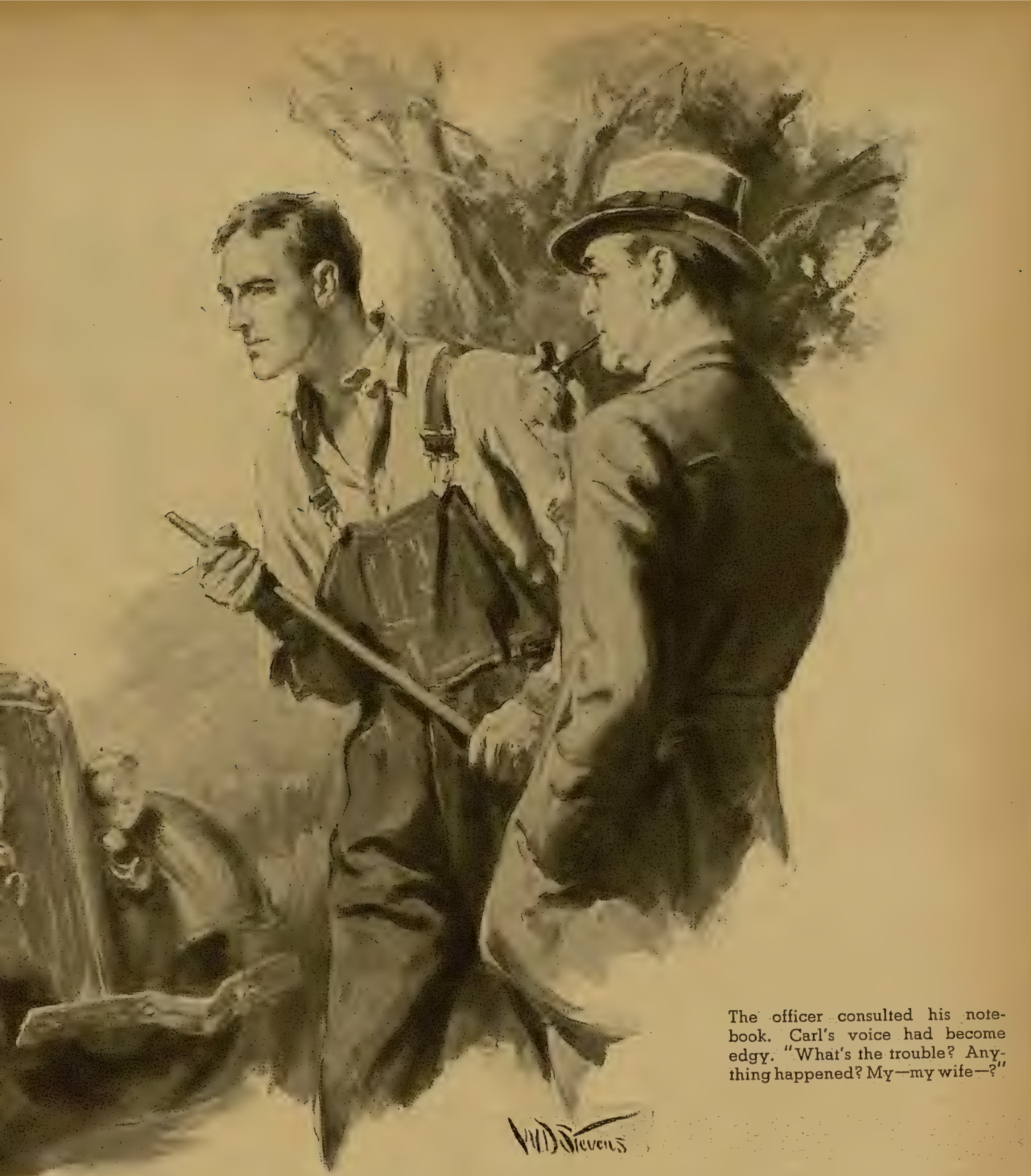
WALTON GREEN

Author of Corsair and Dangerous Woman

The Trial of Dr. Beamish

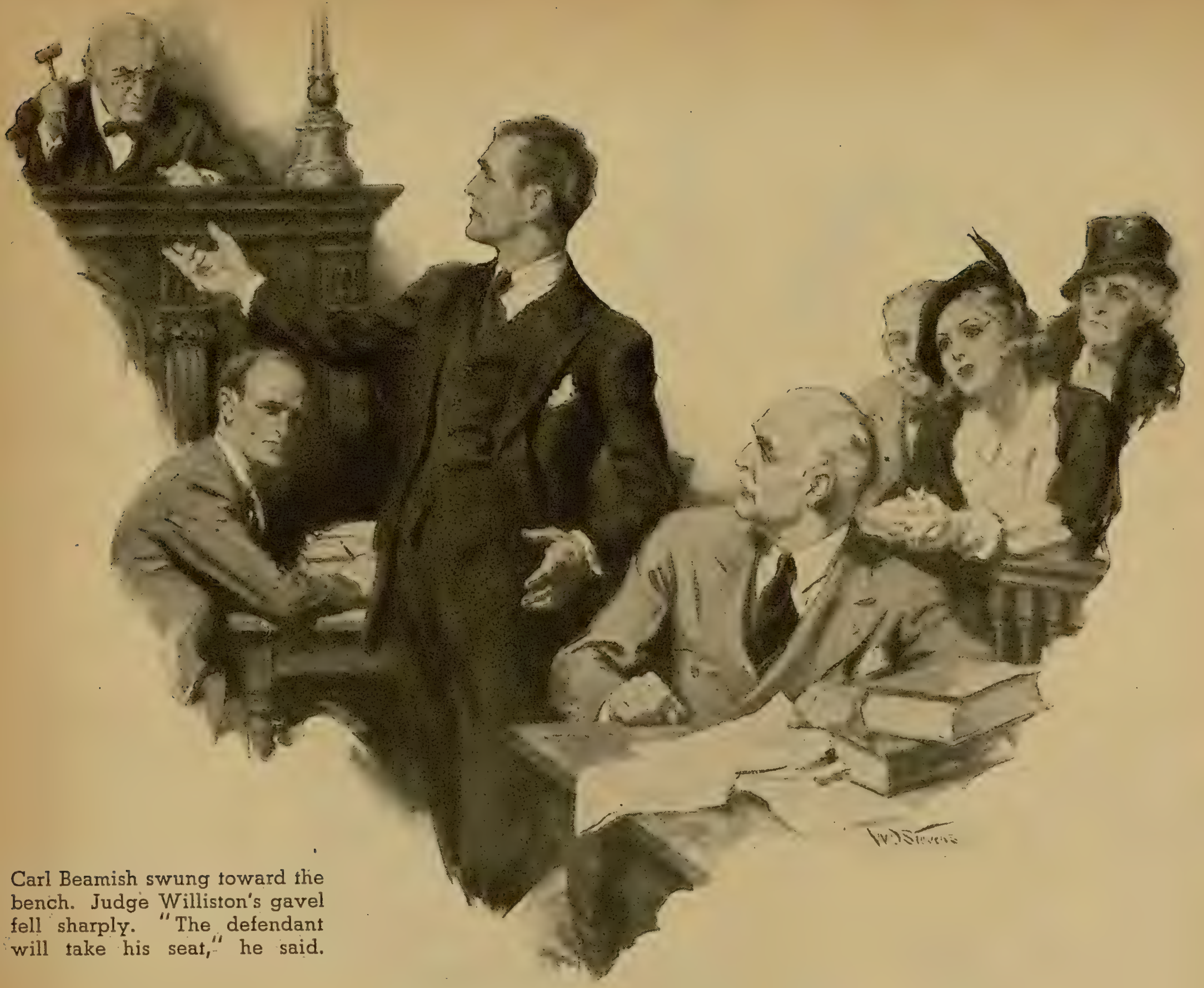


The officer consulted his notebook. Carl's voice had become edgy. "What's the trouble? Anything happened? My—my wife—?"

READING TIME • 36 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MURDER," my young colleague Dr. Carl Beamish was fond of telling his psychology classes, " is by no means the heinous crime the label-minded majority of mankind would have us believe. Since the ethical value of any act must be measured by its ultimate social effect, and since bad men as well as good men are murdered, it follows that, law and sentiment aside, there may be good murder as well as bad murder. It rests largely on the motive of the killer and the social value of the killee. Don't misunderstand me, gentlemen: I am not recommending selective homicide as a career in social service. I am merely suggesting that the prime essential of wickedness—which is to say, moral turpitude—is frequently lacking in murder, whereas in crime such as arson or robbery or breach of trust it is almost invariably present."

Smart-aleck stuff, of course, and to be taken distinctly *cum grano salis*. The undergraduates, to do them justice, did take these Shavian sallies with salt. But they crowded his courses, especially his lectures on Ethics for Sinners, and guffawed at each carefully planned and carelessly delivered paradox. Not so with our faculty, especially the older members. Burley University is small, and New England, and traditionally conservative. And if it



Carl Beamish swung toward the bench. Judge Williston's gavel fell sharply. "The defendant will take his seat," he said.

hadn't been for our youthful and recently acquired president, George Golightly, who could gauge the publicity value of a wisecracking psychology instructor as accurately as he did that of a Michigan football coach, I doubt if Carl Beamish would have lasted out his second semester.

I am an instructor in English at Burley. I have known Carl Beamish and his wife Katherine since before they were married. Katherine was a Boston Higginsby, a broad cut above her husband socially, and refreshingly unaware of it. Carl came of very plain Bangor stock. Mentally he was several cuts above Katherine. He had all the intellectual arrogance of the man whose mind has developed faster than his knowledge. To his wife Carl was domineering—and fiercely devoted. To her husband Katherine remained placidly undominated—and sturdily devoted. I have always considered them a singularly well mated couple.

I SHALL now go back and set down in as orderly fashion as I may the events of Saturday, April 17.

On Saturday morning, after my last English A section, I crossed the campus and walked out on the Blanfield Pike to the Beamishes' house. I found Carl in overalls, puttering around with a hoe in the tulip beds that flanked the front door.

"Hello," he said with characteristic unenthusiasm.

"Hello," I returned, matching his tone. "I think I'll go inside and ask Katherine if she'll have me for luncheon."

"Kate's away," he replied. "But you can help me get lunch. She went to Long Island yesterday. Week end with the Blodgetts."

There was a crunching of wheels on the gravel drive. We both turned. Two state police officers in a small roadster had pulled up.

"Is Professor Beamish around?" one of them called.

"I'm *Dr.* Beamish," he offered with ironic urbanity, "not Professor Beamish yet. But thanks for the compliment. What can I do for you?"

One officer got out and walked over to us.

"You own a car?"

"Yes—a Ford roadster."

"Where is it now?"

"My wife took it to Long Island yesterday."

"What's the license number?"

"G-S eight six five—or something like that."

The officer consulted his notebook.

"Six eight five, isn't it?"

"Yes—that's it." Carl's voice had become edgy. "What's the trouble? Anything happened? My—my wife—?"

"Not to your wife—not so far's we know, anyway. But your car's wrecked: crashed the guardrail at the covered bridge and fetched up in the river. No trace of your wife. She's likely safe in Long Island by now."

"You fool!" flared Carl. And then, controlling himself: "I'm sorry, officer. I know you're only trying to be decent. But are you sure of the car number? Wait—we'll find out."

He led the way into the house. He was quite collected again, and precise. He called Long Island and talked with Mary Blodgett. Nothing had been heard of Katherine Beamish since her telegram of the day before saying that she would arrive in time for dinner.

Carl put the receiver down.

"All right, officer; let's go," he said quietly. "And if there's room I'd like to have Mr. Finch along. He's a very old friend of ours."

"Sure," said the officer.

It is about four miles to the old covered bridge which spans the Hoosac River at Prindleville. The road takes a sharp curve and pitches steeply to the mouth of the rickety old structure. The guardrail marking the approach is not even painted white. It consists of half-rotted chestnut poles laid on posts.

A twenty-foot section of this fence was carried away. Thirty feet below, bottom up in the river and half submerged between rocks and deep pools, lay the Beamishes' roadster. A heavy-duty wrecking truck, its wheels blocked with large stones, was backed up to the edge of the bank. Farther downstream, in the deeper water above the dam, three men in a flat-bottomed boat combed the river bed with grappling irons. A crowd of villagers, augmented by passing motorists, gloated silently from the banks.

Presently the wrecking truck began to haul in its cable. The little car rose jerkily.

There was nothing under it. The top had been down, and Katherine must have been thrown clear. A small colored handkerchief floated sluggishly to the surface and was recovered. A moment later some one drew up a water-soaked handbag. It was brought to us. Carl Beamish nodded—almost perfunctorily—and lighted a cigarette.

I took him home and spent the night with him, taking the telephone reports from the police at Prindleville. He asked me to stay on for a few days.

The police dragged conscientiously for four days. At the end of that time an inspector came up from state headquarters, looked enigmatic, ordered the work stopped, and went back. And the next morning Carl Beamish was arrested for the murder of his wife.

HE was lodged in the Blanfield County jail, the same fine old colonial brick building that had been built to house British officers during the Revolution.

Carl's attitude shocked me. He discussed his arrest with all the objective dispassion that he displayed in the classroom.

There were, he said, several suspicious angles to the case which he could not explain.

"Good God, Carl! What sort of angles?"

"Well—for one thing—the car was not discovered until some hours after daylight Saturday morning. Kate left home directly after luncheon on Friday afternoon. The police contend—and I'm afraid I have to agree with them—that if my story is true she must have reached the bridge at about half past two on Friday afternoon. In which case the smashed fence and the wrecked car would have been seen by the next passing motorist. And since the car was not discovered until daylight Saturday, it could not have been wrecked until after dark on Friday. And on top of that," he continued in a hard slow voice, "they claim to have found two human teeth in the ashes of our garden incinerator."

I could not make my voice speak. Carl went on evenly:

"And you may remember, Adam, that when you dropped in for lunch last Saturday I was cultivating the tulip beds?"

"Yes," I managed.

"Well, as a matter of fact I was hoeing in some rubbish from the bottom of my incinerator—wood ash from the fireplaces, you know, and ash from meat bones and what not in the garbage pail. They found a couple of charred fragments of bone in the tulip bed. They say I was fertilizing my flowers with what was left of Katherine. And furthermore—"

"Stop!" I cried sharply. I was afraid the next stage of his self-torture would be an active hysteria. "Just what are you going to do? And what do you want me to do? How about your father?"

"I've wired him. And I've sent for Judge Gilman."

"Squire Gilman! But he's a doddering old country pettifogger. Surely you should retain some big man from—"

"On the contrary," he broke in, "innocent or guilty, the worst move I could make, with a jury of farmers and grocery clerks, would be to import some celebrated trial lawyer."

I said nothing. I saw that Carl had his back up.

"Look here, Adam," Carl said slowly. "When I last saw Katherine she was driving out of our yard alive and well. Why, she waved to me from down the road. She—I don't care about the river and the car—and everything. I simply don't believe she is dead! It's very queer. I don't even care about this—being accused, I mean—because, don't you see, I simply couldn't have done it. *You* know how Katherine and I were—to one another—don't you?"

"Yes, Carl."

I was distressed. I had no slightest doubt of his innocence. But I knew that others, and especially the enemies that his sharp tongue had

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made him, would be only too ready to hope for the worst.

We discussed the several angles of the case for a while longer, and then I left him.

Carl's father arrived from Bangor that night. Beamish Sr. was a hard, square-rigged man who had made a comfortable down-East fortune in lumber.

Mr. Beamish talked with his son. He talked with me. He talked with young Harrison Potts, the district attorney. Then he drove off to New York. When he reappeared forty-eight hours later he was accompanied by Dr. Korr-Bagner, the celebrated neurologist.

Carl protested that examination by an alienist would be tantamount to a plea of confession and avoidance and would hopelessly prejudice his case. His father replied that Potts had already sent for an alienist to forestall just such a defense, and that he, Beamish Sr., had merely beaten him to it by hiring Korr-Bagner before the state could hire him. He had tried first to get Dr. Forman Trumann, another big New York man. But Trumann had unaccountably backed out at the last minute, after he had learned the identity of the man he was to testify for. And now he had been retained by the state. At the mention of Dr. Trumann's name Carl's lip had curled.

"Trumann! Have you ever read his Mind and Morality? Well—as a psychologist that man is always wrong. All right—bring on your doctors."

So that afternoon, and at the same hour that the grand jury was indicting him for the murder of his wife, Carl Beamish submitted to a neurological examination at the hands of two of the greatest alienists in the East.

The case was set for three weeks ahead. During those three weeks a curious situation developed.

In the first place, young Potts, who was an astute politician to offset his deficiencies as a lawyer, proceeded to try his case in the papers and by village-gossip word of mouth. This of course is the accepted method of assuring yourself a jury that is prebiased in your favor.

I stood by helpless and watched local opinion veer from outraged sympathy for Carl's innocence to a morbidly pleased acceptance of the fact that our cloistered collegiate community now boasted a murder case that had put the town on the map and filled the inns and the tourists' lodginghouses with the feature writers and photographers of the great metropolitan papers.

For two years Carl had been trying to find a publisher for his book, Ethics for Sinners. Two days after his indictment he received a highly lucrative offer from one of the most enterprising, if not the most conservative, of the book-publishing houses. Hard on the heels of this came a telegram from his literary agent submitting a bid from a celebrated newspaper feature syndicate. Carl waited a day or so, got a better offer from another syndicate—sold the newspaper rights to them and the book rights to the first publisher. The combined figures, royalties aside, were so astonishing that I hesitate to name them. Carl showed me the contracts.

It seemed to me that he was exploiting his own misery—at a price. He sensed what was in my mind.

"No, Adam," he said with a hard smile. "Today is today. My Ethics for Sinners is good stuff. And besides, I can't see that taste enters into the situation when a man is on trial for his life."

TEN days later the trial began.

Large as the Blanfield courtroom is, it could not hold a tenth of those who wanted to get in. I had a pass. I sat between President Golightly and a woman feature writer for a New York tabloid. Carl sat at the counsel table, flanked by his father and Squire Gilman. Only two chairs separated him from the district attorney.

Carl appeared at ease and slightly detached. His whole demeanor suggested, not the prisoner on trial for his life, but rather the attorney for another, at home in a courtroom, interested and alert but unconcerned beyond the exigencies of the day.

The tabloid woman nudged me. The court was coming in. We all stood up while the bailiff intoned his "Hear ye—hear ye—hear ye." The judge took his seat, looked mildly about, and addressed the ceiling. He had a peculiarly sweet and gentle voice, and it hushed instantly even the rustling of the reporters' scratch-pads.

I must say a word about this Judge Williston. He is a jurist whose fame has reached beyond his native state. He is that rare type of judge who regards the law as a living, growing thing, and legal precedent as a guide to the future rather than a strait jacket from the past. A witty and scholarly gentleman of the old school, Williston knows more law than the attorneys who appear before him. And he does not let the newspapers run his trials for him.

The first talesman was called. In a remarkably short time the jury box was filled. Mr. Potts—young and a little afraid of Williston—asked few questions beyond assuring himself that a juror did not object to circumstantial evidence *per se*. And Squire Gilman—after a few false starts toward exercising the six peremptory challenges the court had allowed him, only to be pulled down by the elbow each time by his own client—Gilman subsided meekly and took the first eleven men and one seamstress that the D. A. handed him.

POTTS opened for the state. The people's case, he admitted with engaging candor, was largely circumstantial. But he proposed to convince the jury beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant had beaten his wife to death with a piece of galvanized-iron pipe, and had then burned her body in his garbage incinerator and disposed of the ashes in the flower garden.

The defendant maintained that his wife had started for Long Island after lunch on Friday and that he had not seen her since she drove away from their house. He asserted that he had spent the rest of the day burning rubbish and garbage and cleaning up about the place.

As a matter of fact, said Potts, the defendant had left his house that night. He had been seen returning on foot from the vicinity of the covered bridge. He had wrecked his own car. The whole episode of the covered bridge was a cold-blooded and ghastly farce staged by the defendant to cover the fact that he had killed his wife and burned her body.

What had actually happened was this: The Beamishes had begun to quarrel at luncheon. They continued the quarrel upstairs. The maid of all work, Josephine Sessions, heard them. She heard a muffled cry of "Don't, Carl—don't!" Then a sort of thud sound that reverberated through the old frame house. Then silence. (Here the prosecutor paused significantly.) About twenty minutes later, he continued, Dr. Beamish came down to the kitchen and told Josephine that she could have the afternoon and evening off, as Mrs. Beamish was going to Long Island. The girl went out and did not return until late at night. In the meantime the defendant dismembered his wife's body—presumably in the bathtub—carried it piecemeal to the garden, and reduced it to ashes in the incinerator.

One thing—one small thing—he had overlooked. He did not sift his ashes. He had remembered the fact that human teeth and melted gold fillings could survive a fire hot enough to destroy flesh and bone. But he had forgotten to count the teeth he had raked from the ashes. And these two teeth and these small globules of misshapen gold recovered from beneath the incinerator must bring him to a just punishment and spell his doom.

The defendant, said the D. A., had then waited until after dark. Whereupon he had packed his wife's suitcase, taken her pocketbook, gloves, and a handkerchief, and driven quietly off. At the top of the short steep slope which pitches forty yards from the main highway to the one-way bridge he slowed the car to a crawl, stood on the running board, and kept it headed straight until it gained sufficient momentum. Then he dropped off and watched it crash through to the river.

The short road enters the bridge mouth at almost a right-angled turn. Any car headed even approximately straight would hit the flimsy guardrail and not the bridge. Any car coasting at even ten miles an hour would smash the rotten chestnut poles like so much punk.

And so forth and so on. Young Potts made an able opening. No one interrupted him. Judge Williston seemed to be dozing. Squire Gilman appeared preoccupied with the notes for his own opening.

When Potts had concluded, the old gentleman arose.

He delivered a dignified and unimpassioned outline of his defense. He objected—but only half-heartedly—to the circumstantial nature of the state's case. He almost seemed to share the atmosphere of the spectators—which was distinctly hostile to Carl.

The old man sat down. Potts, a little jaunty at the setup the squire was providing him, put on his witnesses in rapid succession. Skillfully enough he led them through the picture he had reconstructed. Squire Gilman, wisely perhaps, let Josephine's testimony go unchallenged. Likewise with old Mrs. Hawkins, the egg woman, who lived near the bridge and who testified that she had seen Carl walking home in the moonlight. Two state detectives then testified to finding the teeth and the fragments of gold filling beneath the perforated bottom of the incinerator, and of discovering the iron pipe in the trash pile. Potts then got in a photostatic copy of an insurance policy on the life of Katherine Beamish; principal sum, $60,000; sole beneficiary, her husband. This pretty well buttoned up his motivation angle, on which Potts had been a bit shaky. A $3,000-a-year instructor paying premiums on $60,000 straight life made the jury sit up.

Potts then offered the original of the telegram sent to the Blodgetts in Long Island announcing that Katherine would arrive that afternoon. It was signed Katherine Beamish. A local Western Union girl took the stand to testify that she was well acquainted with Dr. Beamish's voice, and that she had taken this identical message from him over the telephone after Josephine Sessions had left the house.

FINALLY, a Boston dentist, Dr. Dorr, took the stand. He testified, in effect, that Katherine Beamish had been his patient since childhood; that he was intimately acquainted with the dental work in her mouth; that she had had no extractions; and that the two teeth now handed him were Katherine Beamish's teeth, a lower right molar and a wisdom tooth; and that the cast he held in his hand was a plaster negative he himself had made of Katherine Beamish's mouth when making a crown inlay for her six months before. Dr. Dorr fitted the burned teeth into the plaster negative.

Squire Gilman did not cross-examine. The dentist stepped down.

"The state rests, your honor."

"In that case, we will stand adjourned until tomorrow," said the judge.

We all filed out. The consensus of opinion was that Beamish had undoubtedly killed his wife but that the state hadn't proved it—and that if there'd been a fighting lawyer in place of old Squire Gilman he could have driven a yoke of oxen clean through the holes in young Potts's case.

In the morning a sensation broke. The tabloid New York Eagle, under a four-column double head TRIAL OF DR. BEAMISH, carried the by-line: "By our special correspondent at the trial, Dr. Carl Beamish."

Also the Eagle must have smuggled in a camera, for it had several good half tones of the scene. I read with growing amazement—first at Carl's callousness, then at the ironic detachment and brilliant simplicity with which he had described his own trial. It was an able piece of reporting.

COURT opened and Judge Williston entered. There was tense expectancy. What would he do?

He did nothing. He bowed urbanely and took his seat. Squire Gilman announced that the defense had but one witness, and would need but one witness—the defendant himself.

Carl took the stand.

"Dr. Beamish, will you please tell the jury in your own words just what happened on Friday the sixteenth of April?"

Carl bowed and faced the jury.

"I quarreled with my wife exactly as has been testified to. I did no violence of any sort to her. When we were upstairs after luncheon she decided to go to Long Island for a few days so that we could both cool off. While she was packing her bag I went down and told Josephine she could take the day off. After my wife had left I sent the telegram for her as she had asked me to do. The last time I saw her she was alive and well, driving away in our car. I spent the rest of the day puttering about the place and burning garbage. I got my own supper. Later in the evening I took a long walk, as I frequently do. I swung around the lake and came home by the covered-bridge road. So far as I remember, I met no one. Had I known that I had been seen by Mrs. Hawkins, I should not have lied to the district attorney. When I realized from the nature of his questioning that I was definitely under suspicion, I got rattled. I did not dare admit that I had been anywhere near the scene of the accident. But I did not kill my wife. I cannot believe she is dead. If she is, I know nothing about it. That is all, I think."

The judge addressed the district attorney:

"Mr. Potts, do you wish to cross-examine?"

Potts stood up.

"Dr. Beamish, why did you burn the iron pipe in the incinerator?"

"I didn't," said Carl calmly. "I used it as a poker to stir up the fire from time to time. I've used it that way for a couple of years."

"And how do you account for the two teeth that have been identified as your wife's?"

"Very easily," said Carl instantly. "About a month ago my wife developed a severe toothache while she was on a shopping trip in New York. She went into one of these painless dentistry establishments and had them out on the spot, rather than wait to see Dr. Dorr in Boston. Afterward she could not even remember the name of the place. And we have had no possible way of locating it since her disappearance."

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“I see,” said Potts with withering gentleness. “So your wife went to some quack dentistry parlors, that she couldn’t even remember about afterward, and had two teeth pulled because one ached, and then brought the teeth home as souvenirs!”

“Not exactly as souvenirs. I think she meant later to take them to Dr. Dorr to see if they—well—if they had really needed to come out.”

“Did you put those teeth in the incinerator, Dr. Beamish?”

“No; she must have changed her mind and thrown them into a waste-paper basket. I empty all the scrap baskets into the incinerator.”

The D. A. smiled triumphantly and sat down.

“That is all, Your Honor.”

Carl stepped down. Before he could regain his seat, Squire Gilman, who had been in whispered consultation with Carl’s father, arose and addressed the Court:

“If Your Honor please—er—in view of the testimony adduced, we shall now offer expert evidence in regard to the defendant’s mental—”

Instantly Potts was on his feet again.

“Your Honor: This defendant has pleaded not guilty. His mental condition is not at issue. I object to any such red herring at this state—”

Another voice broke in on him. Carl Beamish, halfway to the table, swung toward the bench.

“I agree with the district attorney, judge. I protest against any medical testimony. It’s bad enough to be tried for murder, without having your sanity impugned on top of it. I—”

Judge Williston’s gavel fell sharply.

“The defendant will take his seat,” he said quietly. “He will be heard through counsel.”

“The defendant will not take his seat,” said Carl, also quietly, “and he insists upon his right to be heard.”

“This is outrageous!” the district attorney began.

“Be silent!” snapped Carl. “You’ve talked too much already. Now, Your Honor—”

“Dr. Beamish, you are in contempt of Court. I shall—”

“Not contempt of Court, Your Honor. Contempt of counsel—yes.”

The ghost of a smile crept into Judge Williston’s tired old eyes.

“I am not prepared to argue the distinction, Dr. Beamish. You will obey my ruling or I shall jail you for contempt.”

“But I’m already in jail for murder,” said Carl simply. “If you send me back to my cell, we can’t go on with the trial.”

A TITTER ran through the audience. Judge Williston regarded Carl and pondered. Finally he leaned forward. “The Court finds your point well taken, Dr. Beamish,” he remarked dryly. “Now, I am wondering if I could appeal to you to co-operate with me as a matter of courtesy.”

“Of course, judge, if you put it that way”—Carl’s tone was injured—“I’ll have to do anything you say.”

“That’s considerate of you, Dr. Beamish. Now, Squire Gilman, on what ground do you offer evidence as to the defendant’s mental state?”

“On the ground that the defendant’s mental condition is such that he cannot understand the nature of the proceedings against him, and that he is incompetent to assist counsel in his defense.”

“I object,” snapped Potts.

Williston pondered a moment.

“Overruled, Mr. Potts. It is, I admit, irregular—especially at this stage of the proceedings. But it lies within the discretion of the Court to permit the pleadings to be amended at any time. Squire Gilman will therefore amend. In the meantime, I shall permit the introduction of the evidence.”

“Exception,” said Potts.

“Exception noted. Very well, squire; you may proceed.”

Dr. Korr-Bagner was called. The celebrated neurologist settled himself confidently in the witness chair, touched the tips of his fingers delicately together. He was a baldish sparrowlike man with an ovate head and womanish hips.

Squire Gilman proceeded to qualify him as an expert with the usual questions, and then:

“Doctor, you have examined the defendant since his arrest?”

“Yes. On Thursday the sixth of May last, at three seventeen P. M. in the afternoon, in his cell at the Blanfield County jail.”

“Er—exactly. And will you tell us the result of your examination?”

“I found him suffering from a pronounced neurosis, of psychotic intensity, accompanied by pathognomonic symptoms of hyperapposition between the libido and repression, resulting from the inability of the inhibited desire to achieve an outlet in action.”

“Ah—yes; in plain words—”

“In plain words, and disregarding for the moment the purely psychotechnical aspects—”

“ONE moment, doctor,” the cool voice of Judge Williston cut in. “Is this man capable of understanding the nature of these proceedings against him?”

“No, Your Honor. As I have indicated—”

“What tests did you apply to him?”

“The Binet-Korr-Bagner word-group-associated idea and suggestibility scale, primarily. And—”

“And what did that show?”

“It showed that his memory was seriously impaired and that his imagery of associations was subnormal.”

“For example?”

“Well, sir, for example: when I read to him the word ‘psychoanalysis’—to which the normal idea-association is ‘brain’ or ‘mental,’ or something of the sort—he answered with complete irrelevance. He said, ‘Racket.’ That was enough—”

At this juncture a note was handed up to the bench. Judge Williston read it carefully. He addressed the courtroom:

“I have a communication from the defendant. He asks permission to question the witness. If his counsel raises no objection, the Court will grant the request.”

Carl arose in the hushed expectancy of the courtroom. He walked toward the witness stand and stood with one arm resting on the front of the old-fashioned jury box.

“Doctor,” he began pleasantly, “you say that I am crazy because I have a bad memory?”

“Not crazy. Mentally irresponsible.”

“All right—irresponsible, then. Now, what sort of things couldn’t I remember?”

“I have a list of them here. They are all matters of common knowledge. For instance, you couldn’t remember the name of the man who tried to kill President Roosevelt last year at Palm Beach. That, of course, was only one symptom—just as the word-association test is but one symptom.”

“Any others, doctor?”

“Yes indeed. You exhibit a pathological inability to concentrate on what is said to you at the moment. When I gave you a certain number of four digits, and a couple of sentences later asked you to repeat it, you couldn’t do so.”

“One moment, doctor. Let’s get this straight. You say that I’m insane because when you gave me a figure—six-nine-seven-four, let us say—and then a little later asked me to repeat it, I could not do so. Is that right?”

“Yes. And I say that, taken in conjunction with other symptoms, your lack of memory and faulty coordination is an important indication of mental deterioration.”

“I see. Now, doctor, will you repeat the number I gave you just now?”

“Number? What number? Oh—ah—I can’t recall offhand. Nine-seven—no. That is to say—”

“And about the man who shot at the President somewhere in Florida—”

“Palm Beach,” supplied the witness nervously.

“That’s curious,” remarked Carl dryly. “I checked it back through some old newspaper files a few days ago and they all say it happened in Miami.”

Dr. Korr-Bagner’s eyes had taken on a hunted look.

“Doctor,” asked Carl in a kindly tone, “have you ever had your sanity tested?"

"Sir! By heaven, I won't stand—"

"Gently, doctor, gently. A man in your condition must avoid excitement. Now take your time, doctor. Pull yourself together, and then tell the jury just why *I'm* sane, and you're not, on this memory business."

Carl turned toward the bench.

"Thank you, Your Honor. That is all."

He took his seat at the counsel table. The courtroom was in a curious state of numbed excitement—too excited to laugh. The tabloid woman at my side was staring open-mouthed—so enthralled that she had forgotten to close the flap of her pocketbook which covered the lens of the little German speed camera which she carried inside.

District Attorney Potts arose. His expression was dazed, whether in satisfaction or apprehension, it would be hard to say.

"No questions, Your Honor."

Korr-Bagner left the chair hastily.

"The state will call Dr. Forman Trumann in rebuttal."

Trumann took the stand. His direct examination was brief. He made a better witness than Korr-Bagner. His manner was bluff and hearty and his language nontechnical and to the point. He testified, in substance, that in his opinion the defendant—though a nervous and highly neurotic type—was in full possession of his faculties and wholly responsible for his acts. Potts finished with him in five minutes and turned him over to the defense.

Old Squire Gilman stood up.

"With the permission of the Court, my client would like to ask the witness a few questions."

Potts was up again.

"This is all highly irregular, Your Honor! I do not understand that the prisoner is an attorney at law, or licensed to practice at this or at any other bar. I must protest."

"Mr. Potts," said Judge Williston gently, "the defendant is not acting as an attorney for another. He is appearing as a principal, exercising the immemorial and constitutional rights of the accused to be heard—the right to confront, and it may be to confound, his accusers. I, for one, am not inclined to deny him this right. Mr. Defendant, you may proceed."

CARL sauntered over to the jury rail and took up his former position.

"Dr. Trumann, you have been good enough to testify that in your opinion I am sane and normal?"

"Sane, yes. Normal, no. I believe you to be a cold-blooded, calculating, and conscienceless man with a passion for self-exploitation."

"I object," quavered the squire.

"It seems to me, Squire Gilman," said the Court suavely, "and if I may descend for a moment to the argot of the street—it seems to me that your client got what he asked for. Objection overruled."

Carl grinned impishly.

"Fair enough, Your Honor. I'm only glad Dr. Trumann isn't on the jury. Now, doctor, have you ever read the manuscript of a book of mine entitled Ethics for Sinners?"

"You sent it to me two years ago."

"So I did. And do you remember the chapter entitled Ethics for Doctors?"

"I do indeed. A more unsound, radical, perverted, and lying piece of psychological radicalism I have never seen! Only a madman could have written it."

"But I thought you had just sworn that I was sane?"

FOR an instant Dr. Trumann was abashed.

"Oh—ah—you know what I mean."

"Yes; I think we all know what you mean, doctor. You mean that you dislike me intensely personally because in that book, and especially in that chapter on Ethics for Doctors, I took occasion to criticize you and your methods openly and by name. Is that not so?"

"It is not. I am a scientist, I trust, and sufficiently dispassionate to differentiate between you as a writer on psychology and you as a criminal."

"Indeed? Then why, pray, did you not experience that admirable scientific detachment when my father tried to retain you for our side? Why did you first agree to come, and then—when he mentioned my first name and you found out who I really was—why did you then say that 'all the money in the world couldn't hire you to help me out of hell—or hanging'?"

Potts was on his feet again:

"I object to this entire line of questioning, Your Honor!"

"Please, judge," urged Carl, "aren't I allowed to discredit an expert, or impugn his veracity, or show his bias, or something?"

"Your law is sound, Dr. Beamish. You may proceed."

"Thank you, judge. I knew we should see eye to eye."

Williston let this pass. Carl turned again to Trumann.

"Now, doctor, you've testified in a good many insanity cases, haven't you?"

"Certainly."

"Ten or a dozen times a year for the last twenty years, say?"

"Possibly. I've never kept track."

"And sometimes for the defense and sometimes for the prosecution?"

"Of course. I am retained by one side or the other to give my professional opinion on the mental condition of an accused person."

"To be sure. And in all those years I suppose you and Dr. Korr-Bagner have occasionally worked on the same case?"

"Yes indeed. Many times. He is an eminent alienist—er—in his own field, of course."

"Of course. And sometimes you and he have been retained by the same side, and sometimes you have found

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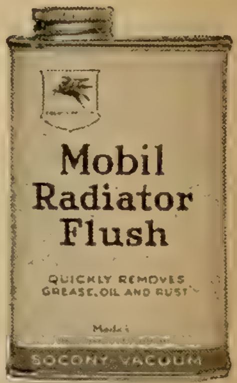

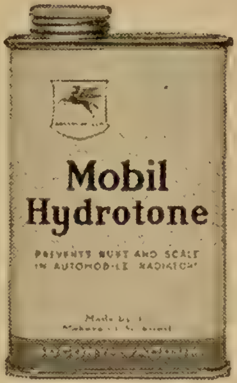

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yourself on opposite sides of a case? As today, for example?"

"Y-e-s—occasionally."

"Of course. And now, doctor, in all those times, how often have you and Dr. Korr-Bagner disagreed?"

"I can't recall offhand. I've already said that we've frequently been retained on opposite sides."

"When of course you would reach opposite conclusions."

"Er—not at all. Certainly not, sir."

"Can you name a single case in which you have agreed with Dr. Korr-Bagner when you have been retained by opposite sides—or a single case where you have disagreed with him when you were on the same side?"

"Er—I can't name them offhand. I should have to consult my records."

"To be sure. Now, doctor, can you name a single case in your twenty-odd years of expert testifying where you have found a given person's mental condition to be other than what the side retaining you wanted it to be?"

"Damn it, sir—you are insulting me!"

"Not yet, doctor. So far, I'm just asking you."

"I refuse to answer. I appeal to the Court."

Judge Williston looked up from the book he was apparently reading.

"The witness will answer," he said softly, and turned over a page.

The stenographer repeated the question.

Dr. Trumann considered, and then answered slowly:

"I am retained to make an examination and to submit an opinion. If my opinion is inimical to the interests of the side which has retained me, they do not call me as a witness."

"Of course. And how often have you failed to be called after you have rendered such an opinion?"

"I shall have to consult my records."

"Can't you name a single case offhand?"

"Not offhand. There must be—"

"How much are you paid for appearing in this case?"

"Five hundred dollars for the examination, and one hundred an hour while testifying."

"I see. Well, I don't want to run up the costs on the county, so I'll ask just one more question. Remember, doctor, that you are on your oath. Now—is it or is it not a fact that, for all practical purposes, you and your kind habitually sell your professional opinions before you ever lay eyes on the man to be examined?"

The district attorney was on his feet with a roar of protest. Dr. Trumann—his face blue-red—was half out of his chair.

"Remember your blood pressure, doctor," warned Carl—and sat down.

This ended the fireworks. The audience subsided into a subdued humming. It seemed as if Carl Beamish and Judge Williston were the only calm individuals in that whole courtroom. Williston made his ruling on the insanity side issue without leaving his bench, and directed that the trial go on the next day.

The morning papers had big spreads again. Carl's dramatic entry into his own case had given his story a fresh impetus. By evening of that last day of trial Carl was the most-talked-of man in America. His own story in the Eagle was another masterpiece. During the day telegraphic offers for writing, for radio, for endorsements poured in on him.

THE last day of the trial was an anticlimax. The squire and the district attorney summed up. Gilman asked for a directed verdict and made all the usual and perfunctory motions. Judge Williston charged very learnedly and therefore very tersely—and so favorably to Carl that he might almost as well have taken the case from the jury. Like a good English judge, he was not above showing the jury how he felt. It was obvious that he felt that Carl was a brilliant and brainy murderer whom it was a pity the state could not quite reach out and hang. Then he sent the jury out.

The crowd expected a quick acquittal. It did not come. After five hours the jury came in for further instruction. Judge Williston sent them back. It was not until noon of three days later that they finally reached a verdict of not guilty. The seamstress, it transpired, had held out for conviction through thirty-eight ballots.

I went home with Carl again. I do not quite know how to characterize those next few days. My feelings toward him had changed. I felt loyalty still—but I was so very doubtful on the main issue. His callousness, rather than anything proved against him, I think accounted for this. He was utterly absorbed in capitalizing the notoriety he had obtained. He dickered and bargained with the syndicates and publishers, and secured contracts which would keep him busy writing and lecturing for five years to come, and which would make him a rich man. He turned down nothing except movies and the radio. And his advance royalties were staggering.

It was about ten days after the trial that Carl and I were sitting in the living room after dinner drinking coffee. We heard a car on the gravel outside. The front door opened and Katherine Beamish walked in.

"Hello, Kate. How was Paris?" asked Carl.

"Very hot. I'm so glad to be back. I took the first steamer after I heard the verdict." She walked over and put her arms around her husband's neck. "How did it work, darling?"

"Swell!" said Carl. "Look at some of these checks. And here—how's this for a contract? Seventy-eight thousand in the bank, and contracts for over half a million. What'd I tell you, Kate? It doesn't matter what you do, so long as you get 'em to talk about you. Eh, Adam—what price fame? Applied psychology, my son—applied psychology!"

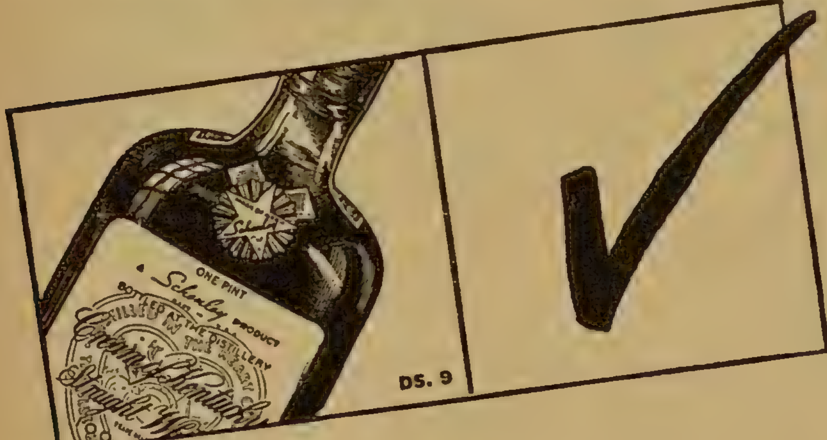
I got up and retrieved my hat. "Carl," I said with what dignity I could muster, "I was willing to stand by when I thought you were only a murderer. But this is too much! I shall bid you good night."

Kate giggled and came over and kissed me.

"Poor dear Adam. It was a shame to fool you too, but we had to have some one that would look sorrowful and loyal and grave!"

THE END

HOW KENTUCKY VOTES!



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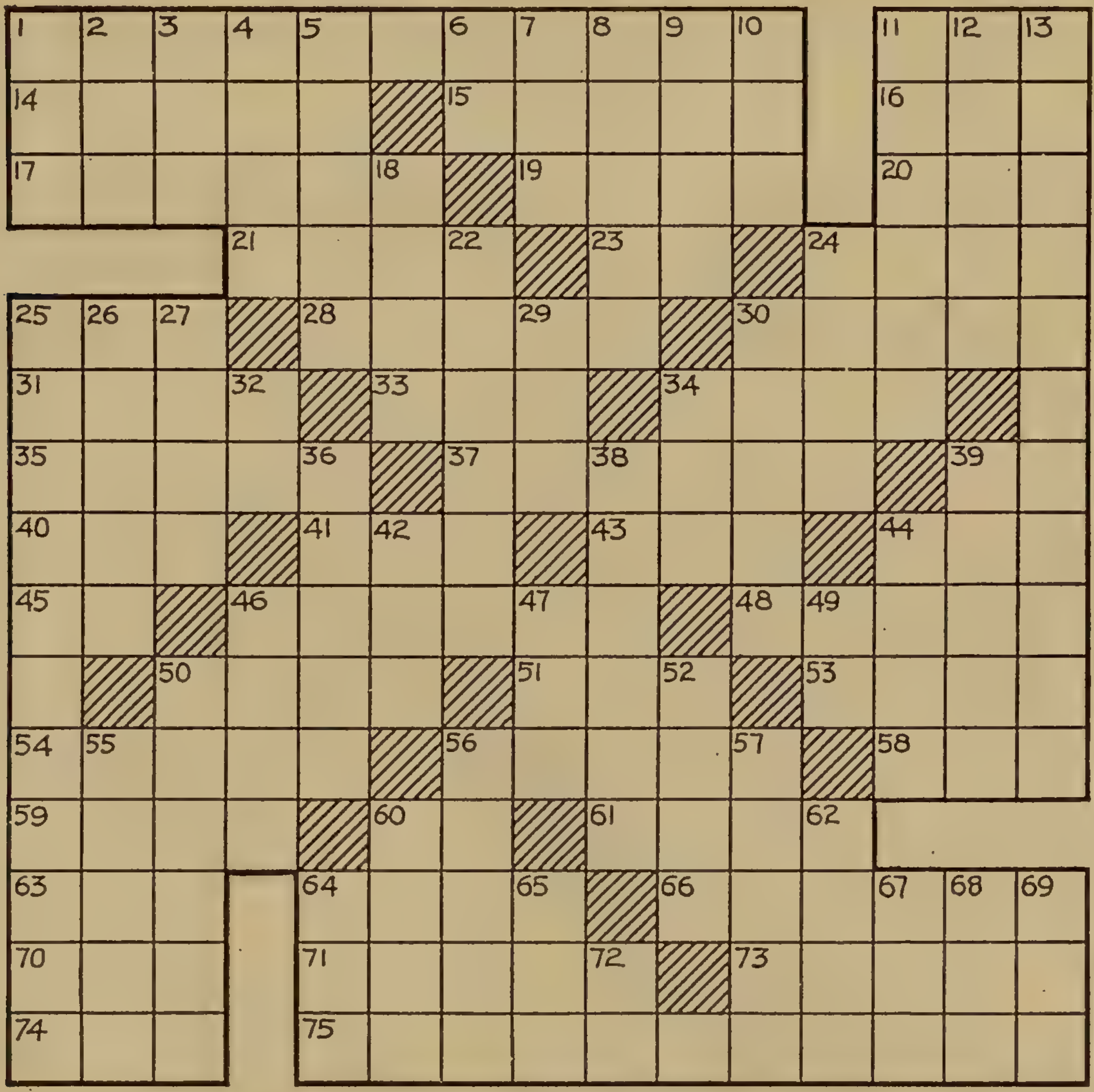
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 What a cute little rat he turned out to be (two words)
11 Kind of fly they've been trying to exterminate in dry areas
14 Mrs. Ginsburg's favorite cocktail
15 What many a good old sole turns out to be
16 Oratorical beginnings
17 These may be drains yet they'll keep you in stitches
19 When he saw red he lost his head
20 Oodle
21 What the girl who looks good enough to eat usually does
23 The hedge on 'Arriet's dress
24 Don't get caught in this trap
25 Nut shell
28 Alas! that the rich should be down to their last one; it must give them that sinking feeling
30 Old-time ukuleles
31 A Long fellow who's full of his name
33 This may be bread in the ghetto but it's drunk the world over
34 This enjoys a good turnover on drunken Saturday nights
35 Great clubs for knocking out high balls
37 Baby jitter
39 A little gentleman cut in two
40 Chief export of the Garden of Eden
41 The can in the back yard
43 Slip a V into this and you'll get over
44 A wet slipper
45 A couple of letters she wrote after her signature
46 Lend an ear to
48 Gracie Allen claims this goes Pop! around artists' studios
50 What old foxes love to do on young chickens
51 Wheel goo
53 Recess in church
54 Holes through which you can blow your personal bugle
56 Hot spot Mussolini can't close up (plural)
58 You in the Tenderloin (but not me)
59 The inhabitants of these places are pretty cagey but not so wild about their homes
60 Blind pig
61 This sounds pretty cheesy and is made backward
63 Stall words
64 Old-time bellhop
66 Early colonial nose ticklers
70 Heated term in France
71 " With your eyes wide open and not dreaming! "
73 This is boring from within
74 Long-pussed
75 These should leap before they look

VERTICAL

1 Em Bee Ess
2 The fighting part of Ireland
3 Best place to leave milk to keep it fresh
4 Low-down joint that supports girls
5 This sees through the best people
6 He leads a representative life in Canada
7 This is sown while going on a rip
8 Applecart-dumping
9 A sew-sew line
10 And this and you'll have a message
11 The romantic movement that clicks around Spain
12 Answered the ring of the alarm clock
13 Best cellar for bocks
18 A Hollywood asset that sometimes becomes a liability
22 What Reuben uses to make hay-hay
24 Nothing but a lot of hooey
25 Monkey business men
26 Body halos
27 Two-legged beast of burden
29 —— to the line, let the chips fly where they may
30 Filthy stuff you don't mind having
32 An ear in this and you'll get to long for
34 Goozled the groceries
36 Makes the overfull man
38 They paint with this at the hospital just to smarten things up
39 Silly honkers
42 A good place to snort at
44 You'd do this if you were looking afar off
46 The more killing the occasion the better he likes it
47 No word
49 She loved this type of heel even in a pinch
50 Just used words, words, words
52 Chaps schoolmarms have on their hands
55 This always leads away from hearts
56 They did this to urge the communistic speaker on
57 Leveler-headed (Gracie Allen thinks all level-headed people are squareheads)
60 What she grew under the rouge
62 This is a Paul bearer in Hollywood
64 Well bred babies cry for this
65 Many a poet has said this before
67 Fidgety Nincompoops Association (abbr.)
68 This is closely associated with laughter
69 What all little girls are called west of the Mississippi
72 A couple of letters for yours truly (business of taking bows)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A	S	H		A	P	E	S		A	R	E	A		B	I	N
L	I	E		C	E	N	T	E	R	I	N	G		I	R	E
I	R	A	D	E	■	R	A	V	E	D	■	I	N	L	E	T
		P	O	■	C	A	G	E	S	■	S	T	A	G		
W	A	S	■	L	O	G	E	S	■	S	T	A	G	E	R	S
A	N	■	S	E	R	E	S	■	S	P	I	T	S	■	E	H
S	N	A	P	P	E	D	■	S	T	I	L	E	■	E	G	O
P	O	L	L	E	D	■	S	T	E	E	L	■	S	L	I	P
	T	I	A	R	■	P	A	R	E	S	■	S	L	I	M	
R	A	C	Y	■	H	U	M	I	D	■	P	L	A	T	E	S
A	T	E	■	J	A	L	A	P	■	T	R	I	D	E	N	T
M	O	■	H	A	L	E	R	■	C	H	I	M	E	■	T	O
A	R	T	I	S	T	S	■	S	L	I	D	E	■	A	S	P
		A	L	M	S	■	A	L	I	N	E	■	O	N		
P	A	R	T	I	■	O	T	E	E	N	■	A	B	I	D	E
E	A	T		N	A	K	E	D	N	E	S	S		S	I	N
A	R	S		E	L	A	N		T	R	E	E		E	N	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

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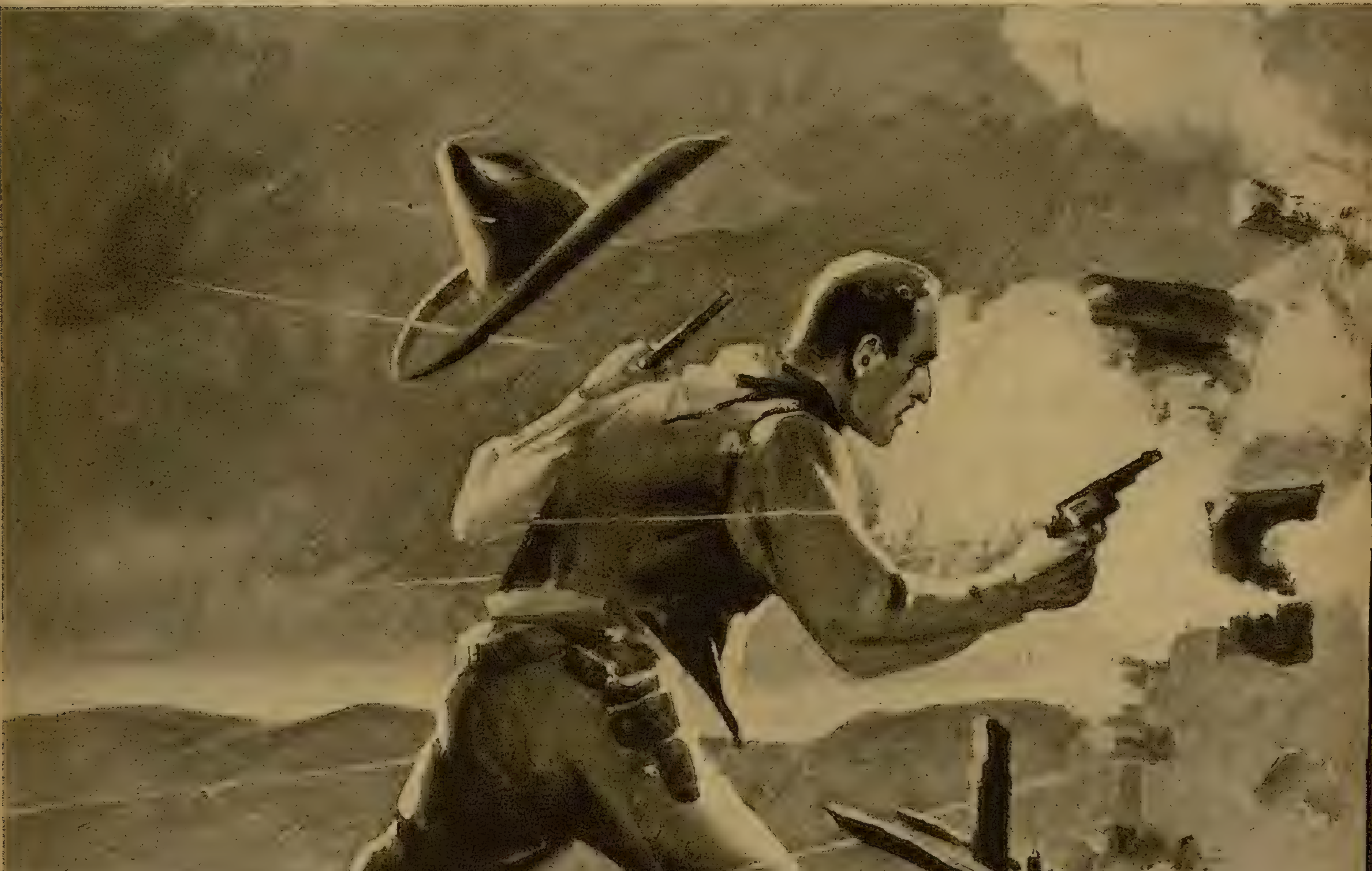
Hell in Boots



As he started they fired. They sent bullets whistling by him. The banging of guns was like music in his ea by TYLER MASON

The Old Ranger Fights Through an Ambush and Quells an Uprising—New, Stirring Episodes in the Saga of Bill McDonald, Terror of Texas Bad Men

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

e went forward on the run—straight up to the door.

HOW Captain Bill shot it out with the murderous Sheriff Pike and his gang, and how he alone ran the Fitzsimmons-Maher prize fight and its roaring promoter out of Texas—these were two of the great true stories in last week's installment. Others were stories of man hunts. In one he captured the robbers of a Wichita Falls bank and, single-handed, stood off a mob that meant to lynch them. Another time his quarries were cattle rustlers in the Cherokee Strip. He went in after them with a local sheriff who developed cold feet. At the crucial moment, as he was about to rush the rustlers' corral, the captain called an order over his shoulder. There was no answer. The sheriff was nowhere in sight.

PART FOUR—A BLAZE ON THE BORDER

IT was one thing to launch an attack with a second gun to count on. It was quite another to play a lone hand.

Yet Bill decided to play his hand—to bluff until he was called.

He slowed up, though he didn't stop.

" It won't do you a lick o' good to kill me," he said in a drawl as lazy as his stride. " My posse'll be down on you like a pack o' wolves."

There were six guns pointed at him now.

He laughed. " Dad golly! " he cried. " Six o' you fellers barricaded agin one ranger who only wants to ask yore names! Mebbe yo're not the fellers I'm a-lookin' for."

Silence ahead. The guns didn't waver.

Bill decided on boldness.

He leaped forward, crying " Come on! " and waving with his left hand as though to signal his men in the rear.

The outlaws broke from the corral without firing a shot. They leaped on to their horses and galloped into the cedar brakes.

Bill was so disappointed he almost cursed.

" Shucks! " he said.

He turned back to pick up the sheriff and go home.

" You might as well saddle a jack rabbit and call him a cow pony," he said, " as try to turn you into a sure-enough sheriff by pinnin' a star on you."

That night some one took a shot at Bill and rode away. Bill felt better.

" Now they're flatterin' themselves they've seen the last of me," he thought, " and they'll come trailin' back to them dugouts. They got to get them Diamond-tails beefed quick, before some cowboys come ridin' circle."

He rounded up a few friends in town, and started on the trail. " If luck's in the cards," he said, " we'll be callin' on 'em before their eyes are open."

He loved to strike in the gray dawn—when attack was least expected—when his victims would be confused with sleep or sudden awakening. The sky was paling when he turned into the arroyo that led to " Big Tex's " dugout. A picket standing in the shadow of the dugout noticed men coming and started to run.

Bill fired. His bullet drew blood from the runner's left ear, and the runner stopped.

"Reach," Bill said. The man's arms went straight up. A drop of blood stood like a garnet earring on the lobe of his ear.

"Stay here with him," Bill bade his men. "I'm goin' in."

His shot had wakened the men in the dugout. As he started toward it they fired. They put a polka-dot pattern in his wide-brimmed hat. They sent bullets whistling by him. The banging of guns, doubled and redoubled by the echoing hills, was like music in his ears.

He went forward on the run, a .45 in one hand, an automatic in the other. Straight up to the door he ran, and kicked it open. He fired two shots that sounded as one.

Two men fell back with a little cry, their guns shot out of their hands.

But Big Tex wasn't disarmed, and Captain Bill in the doorway was a target difficult to miss.

Yet the outlaw was flustered. His bullet went wild. He didn't have time to fire again. Bill's bullet hit him in the wrist, and his gun dropped to the floor.

All Bill's friends had to do was gather up the hardware, shackle the prisoners, and take them into town.

Years later—when time and wounds should have softened him—Bill rode into gunplay in the same manner.

This was near the border of Rio Grande City in 1906.

Rio Grande City at that time was populated chiefly by fugitive Mexican bad men. They took to American ways with a vengeance. Election day always found at least one man killed and dozens wounded. There were two principal factions, the Reds and the Blues. Both were given to violence.

The governor got Captain Bill on the phone.

"Hell's popping in Rio Grande City," the governor said. "Judge Stanley Welch has been killed. Everybody in the city's armed and making trouble. The Blues have taken charge of the polls with pistols and shotguns. There may be a lot of dead men before you get there. How many men have you got with you?"

"One," Bill said. "My nephew, Sergeant McCauley."

"Take him and go," the governor ordered. "Investigate. Put down any disorder. But above all things, captain, be conservative. You must be conservative."

Bill and his nephew caught the first train to Corpus Christi.

"Where we goin'?" the sergeant wanted to know. But Bill had no time to go into details.

"Trains don't wait for explanations, son," he said. "When we've roped and thrown this one, I'll tell you."

IT was a local, laboriously puffing its way through sand. Sand billowed in thick clouds from beneath the wheels. It filtered in through the windows, choking the passengers. It coated everything with a gritty film. But Bill was glad he had been in time to catch it.

At Corpus Christi the rangers got off and waited for the Harlingen train. It wheezed in, hours late.

On it was Sam McKenzie, one of Bill's rangers, who was returning to headquarters from a scouting trip.

"Stay on the train," Bill ordered.

At Harlingen they found Blaze Delling, an ex-ranger who had become a United States river guard. Bill had wired him from Corpus Christi.

There was another long wait at Harlingen and a tedious ride to Samfordyce. From there you had to travel in the saddle or on a wagon seat. It was late when the rangers arrived at Samfordyce, and they were lucky in finding a hack and a pair of mules, and a driver brave enough to take them to the scene of disorder.

"Nuggets to clamshells we'll be ambushed," the driver commented, "and only the coyotes'll know where to find us. If you all are as smart as you look, you'll lay over until mornin'."

A much younger man might have hesitated. Captain Bill was old, and he had spent a wearying day. He could still taste sand. His wounds had given him many bad moments. His legs felt cramped and stiff. He had had little to eat and less to drink. And now there was a long ride in a wagon—and possibly an ambush awaiting him.

Yet he grinned at the driver and climbed up beside him.

"Looks are deceivin'," he said. "We're dumb enough to line out for Rio Grande right now."

The driver clucked to his mules reluctantly.

"'Tain't so bad meetin' a rattlesnake you can see," he philosophized, "but when you go lookin' for 'em in the dark—my, my!"

There was no moon. The narrow trail twisted through the darkness of brush. The mules plodded along, the rhythmic plop-plop of their hoofs muffled by the sands. Now and again the trail widened, and one caught the gray undulation of water, the vague outlines of a sleeping hacienda, half a dozen dobe huts and half a hundred dogs. The men quit talking. The only sounds were made by the dogs, the coyotes, the hoofs of the patient mules, the hiss of bat wings, the rustle of life in the cactus.

They had covered half the distance when the men heard sounds of wheels and hoofs, growing nearer, clearer with every second.

The driver turned to Captain Bill. "That'll be th' stage foggin' in to meet the ten-eight," he whispered.

BILL was standing up, peering anxiously ahead. His Winchester covered a dim outline moving toward him.

Hardly had the driver finished his whisper when a burst of fire blossomed ahead and a bullet whistled by Bill's ear.

"Wait," Bill ordered his men.

"Who's there?" he called out. "We're Rangers."

"*Quien vive?*" cried McCauley. "*Nos somos* Reengers."

Three figures leaped from the approaching vehicle.

"Los Reengers!" they called in mocking tones. "*Los gringos!*"

Shots came from the ground, from the dim wagon, from the thickets.

"Ambush!" said the driver in proud tones. "Did I call it or didn't I?"

Swift and regular as the ticking of clocks the rangers fired at the flashes. At the flashes? Captain Bill said later he could see the whites of the eyes of those he shot at. He stood beside the driver as though he were in a shooting gallery peppering easy targets. The bullets that pinged and whined all around him bothered him not at all.

Cries of pain sprang out of the night when the shooting ceased. Captain Bill slipped a new load into his magazine, jumped lightly to the ground.

"That was pretty, Uncle Bill," McCauley said.

A dead man sprawled across the trail at their feet. Two dark forms dangled grotesquely over the side of the wagon. Three were in flight, staggering, reeling.

A low groan made Bill turn.

His driver had toppled forward over the dashboard.

Bill turned to him, bidding his men go into the thickets and bring out any one hiding there.

"I wasn't looking for you to stop a bullet, old-timer," he said to the limp old man. "The way them scoundrels wasted good ammunition, it's a plumb miracle they hit anything."

He was pulling at the old man's shirt, trying to find the wound.

"It's here," the driver said faintly, "a-burnin' my arm like hell-fire."

Captain Bill found a hole in the shirt sleeve—nothing more. He laughed.

"Old-timer," he said, "you ought to be singin'. That bullet went right on by you, an' didn't no more than scorch yore skin. It's a close shave, but there ain't no more lead in you than in a bonanza nugget."

McCauley came out of a thicket with a man draped over his shoulder. "Here's a broken leg," he announced. "There's a dead one where I found him."

"How many does that make?"

"Five by corral count."

"There were more than five guns ticking," Bill said. "Can't leave here until we git them others."

A sudden rustle in the thicket came to his sharp ears.

"Come out o' there!" he shouted. "Come out before I shoot!"

He fired a shot into the ground, and two terrified men popped up.

Presently Bill's hack took up its interrupted journey. The rangers kept their guns in their hands. The wounded man was continually groaning and the other captives were praying and cursing and whining.

"The next time I'm a-goin' to do some shootin' myself," the driver said, bold again—since the rangers hadn't laughed at his near-wound as much as he had expected them to.

"Here's your chance," Bill answered.

Nobody else heard the menacing sound for several seconds. His men gazed at him curiously, saw him look down the sights of his gun. Then they heard it—hoofs drumming in the distance.

"Halt!" the ranger captain called out.

"Ees that you, Capitan McDonald?"

Taut nerves relaxed. Some one laughed.

It was a couple of the sheriff's deputies riding out to escort the rangers to Rio Grande City in safety. The deputies, Mexicans both, looked at Bill's cargo and crossed themselves.

"Hurry, capitan!" one said. "*Mucho diablo!* Murder! Riot! War! Plenty bad mens in town."

"We're a-comin'," Bill replied calmly.

The riders galloped off and Bill turned sharply to the driver. "Line out," he said. "That revolution ain't goin' to wait all night for us."

The driver "lined out," but it was hours before he reached the town. News of the ambush and fight had preceded the rangers. An unnatural silence lay upon the dark main street, splashed with yellow light from dance halls and gambling dens.

Men walked up and down carrying guns. But no shots cracked out. Only when the hack bearing the dead and injured passed was there any excitement.

"Go home," Bill said to a group standing on a corner.

They dispersed.

"Go home," he said to another crowd.

They obeyed after one look at his face.

Within half an hour the lights had gone out. The dance halls were emptied, the streets cleared of armed men.

The sheriff of Rio Grande City took charge of the prisoners and the dead. The hack driver made a speech, standing in the middle of the street with the district attorney, the sheriff's deputies, and a few Mexican boys.

"He stood there like he was a god—he did. And them bullets never even grazed him. Like he was bulletproof—like he was a god."

Bill went to find the telegraph office. There was none in Rio Grande City. His report would have to wait until the next day when he could reach Samfordyce.

He went to bed in the district attorney's home, but he couldn't sleep. Something worried him. He tossed and twisted. He got up and sat by the window.

The district attorney questioned him.

"What's the matter, Cap'n Bill? Thinking of the fight?"

Bill shook his head. "Thinkin' of the governor. Wonderin' if he'll think I was conservative."

Bill's telegram, dispatched the following day to Governor S. W. Lanham, was quoted throughout the United States, and commended as a little masterpiece.

"We were ambushed," Bill wired. "Four Mexicans dead, one wounded, two captured. Preparing to hold inquest. Everybody disarmed. Everything quiet."

The Fort Worth Record compared this message to Commodore Perry's "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Of all Bill McDonald's heroic deeds, the most famous and least understood was his handling of the colored troops charged with "shooting up" Brownsville, Texas. Tyler Mason will tell the true and thrilling story in next week's, the concluding installment of Hell in Boots.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—At the International Radiotelegraphic Convention of 1912.

2—A village in Washington County, Maryland.

3—See I Samuel 10:24.

4—Vilhjamur Stefansson on his expedition to Coronation Gulf, 1908-12.

5—In the Pacific Ocean, off the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

6—Broadly speaking, the condensation of vapor in the atmosphere.

7—In 1836.

8—From the rapids of the St. Mary's River which separates them.

9—A theorem is a general statement that has been proved or whose truth has been conjectured. A problem is anything that is required to be done.

10—Members of a society of teetotalers founded in England in 1835.

11—Benjamin Disraeli.

12—The use of a word or phrase literally denoting one kind of object or idea in place of another by way of suggesting a likeness between them.

13—Hostilities began April 12, 1861. The last Confederate troops surrendered May 26, 1865.

14—About 16,400 square miles.

15—Herbert George Wells.

16—St. Luke.

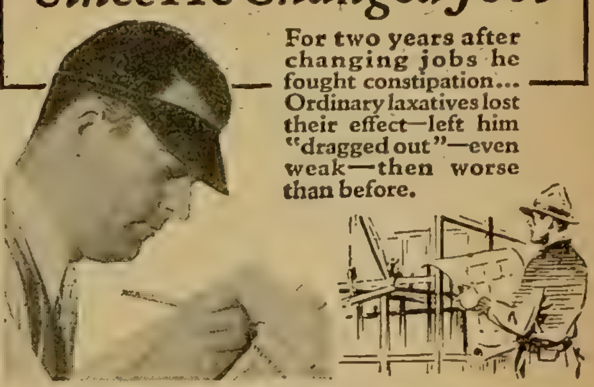
17—James H. Roosevelt.

18—November 6, 1867.

19—Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edgar Allan Poe.

20—For more than 2,000 miles.

CONSTIPATED
Since He Changed Jobs



For two years after changing jobs he fought constipation... Ordinary laxatives lost their effect—left him "dragged out"—even weak—then worse than before.

Solved Problem at Last
SAFE, ALL-VEGETABLE WAY!

THEN his doctor told him, as yours will tell you—"Use a natural all-vegetable laxative." Discover the difference for yourself. Give Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) a trial tonight. See how much better you feel tomorrow—how refreshed—invigorated—a clear head—better digestion—a feeling of pep and aliveness. What a difference from minerals and laxatives containing phenol derivatives! The bowels act naturally—thoroughly—but gently as nature intended. For Nature's Remedy contains nothing but the natural laxative elements of plants and vegetables. That's why NR Tablets are so kind to your system. You'll want to use them regularly—whenever troubled with headaches, colds, biliousness or other conditions caused by accumulated bowel poisons. Get a 25c box at any drug store.

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Liberty is bought by people who want their magazine—bought when they want to read it—a single copy at a time. For years the leader in total single copy sales, Liberty now has the largest newsstand sale of any weekly! No surer guarantee exists of true reader interest.

Youth Gets a Chance

Eager beneficiaries of the Youth Movement rally around Bernarr Macfadden, welcoming him to Gadsden, Alabama.

The Inspiring Story of a Novel Plan for Making Better Americans—A Report of Progress that Portends a Great Future for the Macfadden-Legion Program in Alabama

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ONCE, when the world was young, all the youth of a community were trained in sports and taught the principles of life as it should be lived. But later the world forgot, and it neglected youth.

In this modern day we have installed gymnasiums in the public schools of our big cities. We have playgrounds with directors. We have athletic clubs and Y houses. Sport has become a part of college life. And millions of young men were given some sort of athletic training in the army during 1917 and 1918.

But there are hundreds of thousands--perhaps millions—of young people who have never taken part in any athletic game; who have never been taught how to develop their muscles, nor even how to take the proper physical care of themselves.

For these Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, was greatly concerned. During the more than fifty years he has spent in physical education, the problem of what to do for these children has always perplexed him. Early in 1934, while he was attending a conference of the Aviation Division of the Department of Commerce in Washington, the solution presented itself.

Alabama had a twofold project planned for its aviation fields. Colonel Sumpter Smith, director of air parks for Alabama, Senator Bankhead, and members of the Aeronautic Division of the Department of Commerce, including Eugene Vidal, Rex Martin, Colonel Carroll Cone, John S. Wynne, and Chester McCall, who represented Secretary Roper, outlined this program to Mr. Macfadden.

They were building a number of emergency landing fields in the state, which they knew would be little used for aviation. So they conceived the idea of equipping them for emergency landing places which would add to the national air defense, and at the same time making them self-supporting by using them as recreational centers.

" A capital thought," said Mr. Macfadden. " But let's go even further. Let's get all the children of Alabama to come to these fields. Let's build them into strong men and women, and at the same time teach them the principles of our government."

" Let's talk it over with the American Legion officials," Colonel Smith answered. " I believe the Legion would be delighted to get in back of such an idea."

Shortly after the meeting of the Alabama Division of the American Legion, which was held in Birmingham July 23, 24, 25—at which Colonel William S. Pritchard, an attorney, was elected State Commander—Mr. Macfadden signed a contract with the Legion officials. And the Macfadden-Legion Youth Movement was born.

The work of organization began early in August, under the direction of Colonel Pritchard, director, and Asa Rountree, Jr., state manager.

These are Selma, Alabama, youngsters doing calisthenic drill for Mr. Macfadden during his visit of inspection.

by EDWARD DOHERTY

In the beginning William Cather and Andrew Hudson were selected as athletic instructors. Ten towns were chosen as a test. At present there are forty towns in which the Youth Movement has come to stay.

The initial purchases included ten sets of eight-ounce boxing gloves, ten sets of ten-ounce gloves; ten soft baseballs and fourteen bats for soft balls. The first programs included boxing instruction, baseball, stick wrestling, hand wrestling, touch football, soccer, basketball, volleyball, rope jumping, shadow boxing, and mass calisthenics.

The movement was a success from its inception. The attendance at each field ranged from 50 to 180. So great was the enthusiasm in these ten towns—Talladega, Gadsden, Decatur, Florence, Tuscaloosa, Selma, Enterprise, Eufaula, Alexander City, and Opelika—that additional equipment had to be purchased. One day each week was devoted to each town; but the towns, under the leaders assigned by Thad Holt, insisted on two or more programs a week.

"After a few months," Colonel Pritchard reported, "you could scarcely find an unhealthy child. And you could not find an unhappy one. There was a new spirit in them. There had never been any playgrounds in these towns, never any supervised play. And suddenly there was everything they needed—and it was free!

"I think the movement has come at the right time. Things look pretty bad now to young people. Conditions may be altered by the time these children come of age and take their places in the world of industry. Our purpose is not only to build up their minds and their spirits so they may face with confidence and courage whatever situations they must cope with. We teach them Mr. Macfadden's great truth—that their bodies are their only real homes, they must live in those homes all their lives, that therefore they'd better make those houses habitable and enduring—and that their mental furniture should be of the most modern and utilitarian kind.

"We're not only saving the airfields—they would have been plowed up again for cotton, only for Mr. Macfadden—but we're bettering them, bettering our children, and bettering ourselves. We're going to build swimming pools at the ends of those airfields. Lots of Alabama children have never had an opportunity to swim.

"Eventually we'll have tournaments, every kind of tournament you can think of. Some day, perhaps, we'll send Alabama children to compete in a national tournament in Madison Square Garden. The idea is spreading."

Proof that it is spreading is contained in a letter written Mr. Macfadden recently by Herman Loeb, chairman of the Rehabilitation Committee of Atlanta Post No. 1 of the American Legion in Georgia.

"I wish to assure you of our earnest desire to co-operate with you in this wonderful work," he wrote, "and if possible to carry it through in the State of Georgia."

Colonel Pritchard has also had a letter from William R. Mitchell, Department Commander of Minnesota, reading as follows: "I would be very pleased to have you forward to me an outline of your program called the Youth Movement."

LAST November Mr. Macfadden visited Alabama, flying his own plane, and made a tour of inspection, accompanied by American Legion officials. He spent one day in each of five towns, Selma, Tuscaloosa, Gadsden, Florence, and Alexander City.

All the civic clubs joined in welcoming him. Luncheons and banquets were given him and his party, which included Colonel Pritchard, Thad Holt, and Colonel Theodore Swann, state aviation commissioner. More than a thousand children drilled for him, showing an astonishing proficiency. He was forced to make a dozen speeches.

During Mr. Macfadden's visit a conference was held, when it was decided that the Alabama Relief Administration, through Mr. Holt, state director, would assign forty clerical workers now on the relief rolls to serve as leaders. Additional assistants would also be assigned from relief rolls of the various communities.

The Alabama commission co-operated with the Legion, and Colonel Theodore Swann, aviation commissioner, also appointed deputy commissioners in each of the forty towns to co-operate with the Legion.

At present there are 160 men assigned to conduct the Macfadden-Legion program in the forty towns. The average attendance in each town is about 200. In a number of towns the Legion posts are furnishing club rooms. Steps are being taken to place the movement on a permanent self-supporting basis.

Ten thousand children, approximately, will be benefited this year in this one state alone.

THE END

To the Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

■ Hundreds of office girls dream rapturously about a career like that of Ethel Merman, the pretty stenographer who has sung her way in almost no time from the click-clack of the typewriter to the top of stage success.

Five years is almost no time in which to drop your shorthand notebook and pick up contracts for stardom on Broadway, radio, and the screen. Yet Ethel did it. I asked her if she has managed to get all the habits of office life out of her system so quickly.

ETHEL MERMAN

"No," she said, "I haven't. On nice days I just hate to do my matinee show. I stay out in the alley beside the theater until the very last minute. That's a leftover from my office-girl past. I always hated to go back to work after lunch."

Her office boss was a man who had many theatrical friends. Not knowing how Ethel yearned for the stage, he used to have her send orchids for him on opening nights. "It burned me to a crisp," she laughs now. "I was so envious!"

She's been singing ever since she can remember. He's Me Pal was her favorite kid song. Started professionally as a night-club entertainer. Soon graduated into big show business and Hollywood. Is starring now with William Gaxton in Anything Goes. Her number, I Get a Kick Out of You is one of the smash hits of the season. Her real name is Ethel Zimmerman.

And who do you think are the stage-door Johnnies of today? You'll never guess. Ethel told me. They're high-school boys. As a fraternity initiation stunt they must get a personal interview and a signed photograph from some Broadway star. More than half of all theatrical fan mail now comes from such juvenile sources.

■ Nine readers from as many different states have sent me poems written by them about that carrier pigeon found lost in the arctic north. I told the story some weeks ago. The poems are nice, but all too lengthy to publish here. Now W. W. Garland, seventy-eight, of Los Angeles, sends me another pigeon story that should inspire the poets, I believe. Mr. Garland says:

"I knew the charming family of Captain de l'Oncle, who went down with his ship, the Bourgogne, off the coast of Newfoundland. His widow told me that a carrier pigeon released by the captain just before the ship went down, brought his farewell message home to her two months after the disaster. She lived at Auteuil, near Paris."

What a pathetically beautiful requiem echoes to us from the beat of those tiny wings flying across the world to bring home a last message of love!

■ "The most helpless feeling a father can experience," says a man I know, "comes when you watch your own boy make the same mistakes you made at his age."

Youthful mischief was not what this father had in mind. He meant serious mistakes—wrong choice of friends, wrong use of opportunity, wrong standards of self-respect and happiness. He said, "It has taken me all my mature life to correct the errors I made when I was young. Some of them never can be corrected. Now I see my son going up against the same problems. I want to warn him. But I know it will do no good. I know! *My* father warned me!"

Here, I suppose, is a tragedy that has confronted every loving parent—father or mother—since the beginning of civilization. How can we hand on our hard-earned lessons to those who follow us? I am afraid that is a legacy beyond our means.

■ Old people love to talk about great storms of the past — tornadoes, cloudbursts, blizzards. Some of their stories are good. An elderly gentleman told me this one about the famous blizzard of March, 1888.

A friend of his had a greenhouse full of rare tropical plants. There he went at the break of the storm to build a big fire so that his plants shouldn't freeze. And there he fell asleep. When he awoke his house of glass was imprisoned in snow, the door solidly blocked. He couldn't get out. Nobody knew where he had gone, so nobody came to excavate him.

There he remained for two days and two nights—buried alive in a jungle of lush tropical foliage—in the midst of a blizzard.

When they finally dug him out he was hungrier than a wolf—and madder than sin.

■ What are we going to do about our legs?

Henry Ford invited some young people to have a lesson in old-fashioned quadrille dancing, and they couldn't take it. Their legs gave out. A football coach has said that his gridiron gladiators are weak in the legs at the beginning of every season. From these and other reports it appears quite certain that our legs are degenerating. The theory is that we do not walk enough nowadays—that we ride too much in automobiles.

Perhaps this explains Mr. Ford's determined effort to revive quadrille dancing.

Of all men he is the most responsible for our motorized lives. Can it be that his conscience is bothering him now on behalf of our legs?

■ Read Dr. Olga Knopf's new book, Women On Their Own. A thought-provoking study of women's work and marriage in present-day America. (Published by Little, Brown & Company.)

■ Oysters or clams can be combined with eggs to make delicious Lenten dinners or late suppers.

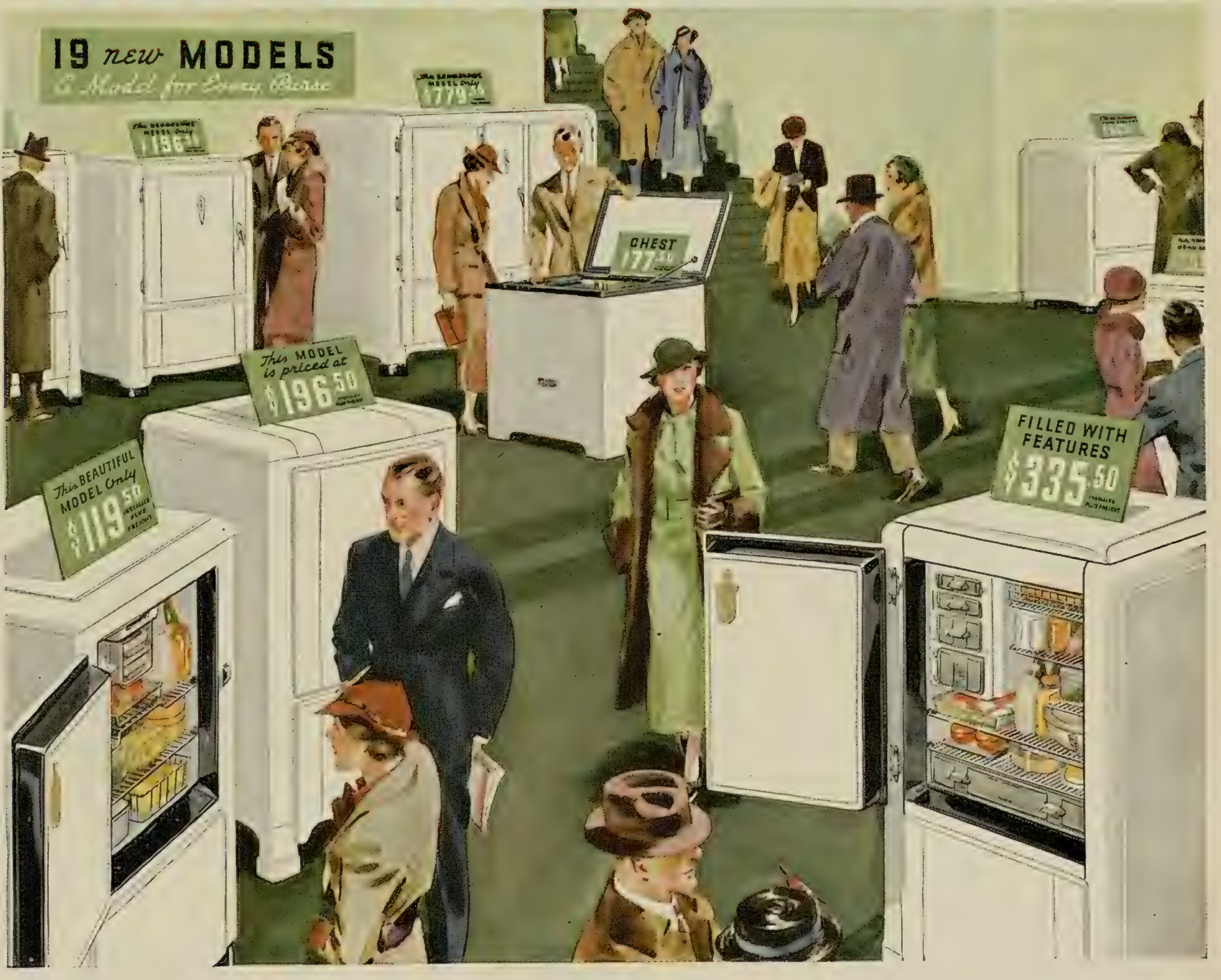
I give you the following recipe as one example:

In 2 tablespoons butter fry 3 diced mushrooms and 1 dozen diced clams. Add cream. Let thicken. Salt and pepper to taste. Divide into six individual baking dishes. Crack 1 raw egg in each dish and bake 5 minutes in quick oven.

Serve with hot biscuits.

NOW *Anyone* CAN AFFORD A KELVINATOR

PRICES START AT $77.50 INSTALLED PLUS FREIGHT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Many people have the idea that Kelvinator builds only the larger, more expensive models. And while we appreciate the compliment, such is not the case.

Regardless of how much or how little you decide to invest, you can get a Kelvinator. And there is no reason why you shouldn't—especially since the best costs no more.

There are 19 models from which to choose. Of course the models differ in design and finish, and in number of features. But *all* have the proved engineering, the quality and craftsmanship that have gained for Kelvinator the reputation of being *the finest in electric refrigeration.*

Before you invest, why not see the new Kelvinators? There is no obligation to buy. Any Kelvinator dealer will be delighted to show you the different models, from the Chest—which was designed for small families, summer camps, etc., and which is priced at $77.50 installed, plus freight—to the largest Super-DeLuxe models.

Ask to see the Kelvinator Food File. Ask about the refrigerated Pastry Set; 4 refrigerators in 1; the Water Pitcher; the Frost Chest; the Dry Cube Tray; the Fruit Basket; the Food Wheel; and many other features that make a Kelvinator so satisfactory—*such a pleasure to own.* If you choose, any model may be purchased on the easy payment ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan. Before you invest, see the new Kelvinators. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *Detroit. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

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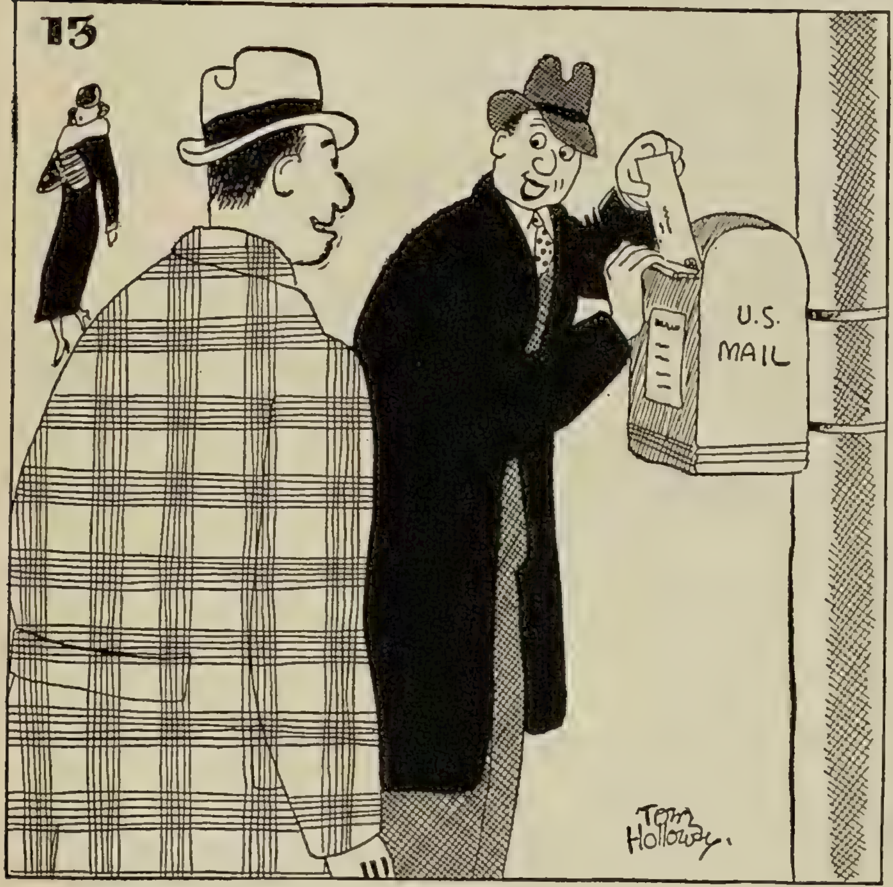
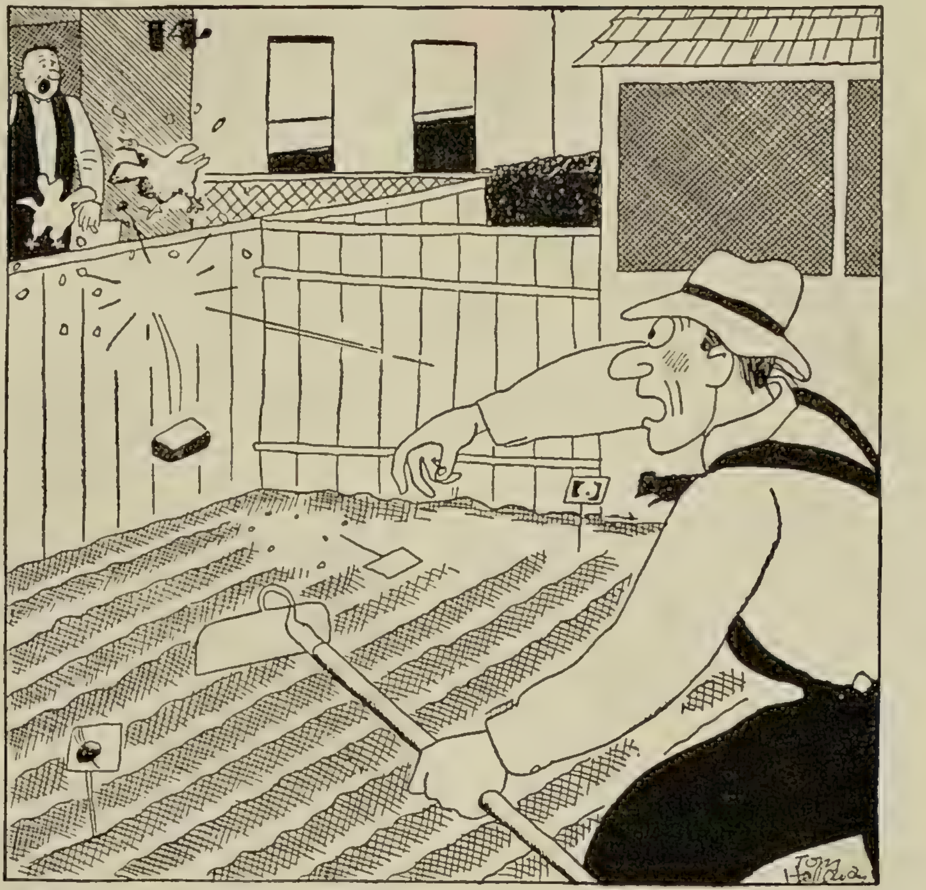
IN BIG CASH PRIZES FOR TELLING

WHAT'S BEING SAID

223 CHANCES TO WIN!





ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE? OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. I'm just getting the stones out of my garden.
2. Oh, yes, I always write to Santa Claus.
3. My wife gave me this to mail last week.
4. Don't tell me those chickens are yours.
5. I'll see you at the Peace Society tonight.
6. You didn't come within a mile of them.
7. Have you planted your garden yet?
8. It's my application for a pilot's license.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

HERE are more of the What's Being Said? drawings to challenge your inventiveness this week. What will you have them saying this time? Which of the three figures in Drawing 13 will you select as the speaker in this situation? Almost anything in the way of conversation is possible here. You have an unusually wide selection of remarks available. Make sure you pick a winner. Drawing 14 is more definite. You have but two characters to consider and a specific situation. Will you choose the man with the hoe or the gentleman behind the fence as the voice of the episode? Perhaps your own experience as a neighbor will dictate your viewpoint. Not only can you speak with impunity but you can translate your feelings into a cash prize, provided your entry is among the best. That $500 cash First Prize is worth the effort. So is each of the other 222 awards. You have as good a chance to win as any one. By all means play the game out and file your claim to a prize.

NEXT WEEK—CONTEST DRAWINGS 15 AND 16

IN A LOVELY COMPLEXION AND A GLORIOUS VACATION IN EURO

JUST 3 CAKES OF PALMOLIVE

..the beauty soap made with soothing olive oil . . . are *sure* to bring you a lovelier, more alluring complexion

AND THE SAME THREE CAKES MAY WIN YOU ONE OF THESE THRILLING TOURS!

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

OR, IF PREFERRED, $1,000 CASH IN PLACE OF THE TOUR!

20 lucky winners sail July 31 on world's largest ship

FRENCH LINE'S "S. S. NORMANDIE"

34 glorious days in 7 European countries... All expenses paid and $300 "pocket money" for every winner

AND 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

AT LAST! A contest in which you just can't lose! A contest so simple that you may *easily* win a trip that will be the most thrilling experience of your life! And you are *certain* to win the most precious prize of all—the glamour and allure of a soft, smooth, *youthful* skin!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just write us a short, simple letter, accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies) . . . That's all you need do to enter this wonderful contest.

Get your three cakes of Palmolive today. Try it . . . and see how this marvelous beauty soap will give *your* skin the thrilling loveliness that every man adores!

Every night and morning use this simple 2-minute beauty treatment . . . Massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather into your skin. See how gently, but deeply, it cleanses your pores . . . Then rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Watch your skin grow lovelier, more radiant, day by day! Even before the third cake is gone . . . see what a marvelous improvement Palmolive has made in your skin!

OLIVE OIL . . . ITS BEAUTY SECRET

Why does Palmolive do such wonders for your skin? Because, unlike other soaps, it is made from precious cosmetic oils . . . a blend of soothing olive and palm oils . . . used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth!

That is why Beauty Experts the world over say: "Use only Palmolive for daily complexion care." And that is why millions of women the world over use and prefer Palmolive Soap!

HERE ARE THE DETAILS OF THIS THRILLING CONTEST!

A contest so simple—so easy! All you do is tell us in your own words "*Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap.*" You don't need to be clever. Just write as you would to a friend. (Contest rules explain how easy it is.)

There are 20 first prizes . . . 20 chances to win, *entirely at our expense*, a glorious 34-day tour of seven European countries. (Or, if you prefer, $1,000 in cash . . . about *half* what such a tour would ordinarily cost you.) Hotels, meals, transportation, and scheduled entertainment . . . all paid for . . . and $300 "pocket money" for every winner. Railroad fare to and from New York will also be paid.

WINNERS SAIL ON GREAT NEW FRENCH LINE SHIP

20 first prize winners sail on th palatial new "Normandie." Leave New York July 31st, returns September 2nd.

European Tour includes Paris Rome, London . . . Venice, Genev Vienna . . . Brussels, Amsterdan and The Hague . . . Five wonderfu weeks in the most fascinating citie of the Old World! First clas accommodations aboard ship an throughout the tour.

A representative of the Colgate Palmolive-Peet Company (maker of Palmolive) will accompany th winners throughout the tour.

What a glorious vacation! And yo have every chance in the world to wi it! So write that letter today!

1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

In addition to the 20 first prizes there are 1,000 others . . . Fo women, Beauty Boxes containin creams, powder, lipstick, and o course Palmolive Soap! For men attractive Palmolive Shaving Kits

READ THESE EASY CONTEST RULES!

(Clip and save for reference.)

1. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and their families).

2. Write a letter of 100 words, or less, telling "Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap." Print your full name and address, and the name of the dealer from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.

3. All letters will be judged on their clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write as if you were writing to a friend. Simple, easy-to-write letters will win the prizes! (You may submit as many letters as you wish.)

4. Each letter you submit must be accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. L-6, Jersey City, New Jersey.

5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.

6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; and Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. All entries submitted become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

Made with olive oil to keep skin lovely!

A LETTER SIMPLE AS THIS CAN WI

"I prefer Palmolive because of all th olive oil that goes into the making every cake. I am sure that's why n skin is so much softer and smooth than before I used Palmolive.

"No other soap cleanses my skin thoroughly, or keeps it so free fro blemishes. Palmolive is so wonderfu that I'm not surprised to hear it is th world's largest-selling beauty soap."

NOW 5

PALMOLIVE IS THE LARGEST SELLING BEAUTY SOAP IN THE WORLD

She made her Bed

"PLAY AROUND," SAID
OTHER MAN . . . NOW

READING TIME • 33 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FRIEDA LESLIE, young and beautiful, gambles love against towering odds when she spurns wealthy Kirk Bailey to marry Ned Pierson. Ned is a famous San Francisco architect and father of two children: Doris, a twenty-year-old divorcee, and Artie, a carefree lad who has just been expelled from Stanford University. Their many escapades since his wife Sylvia's death have kept Ned from realizing his supreme ambition of designing his greatest work—Sylvia Center, a building-memorial to his wife, to be built by her father.

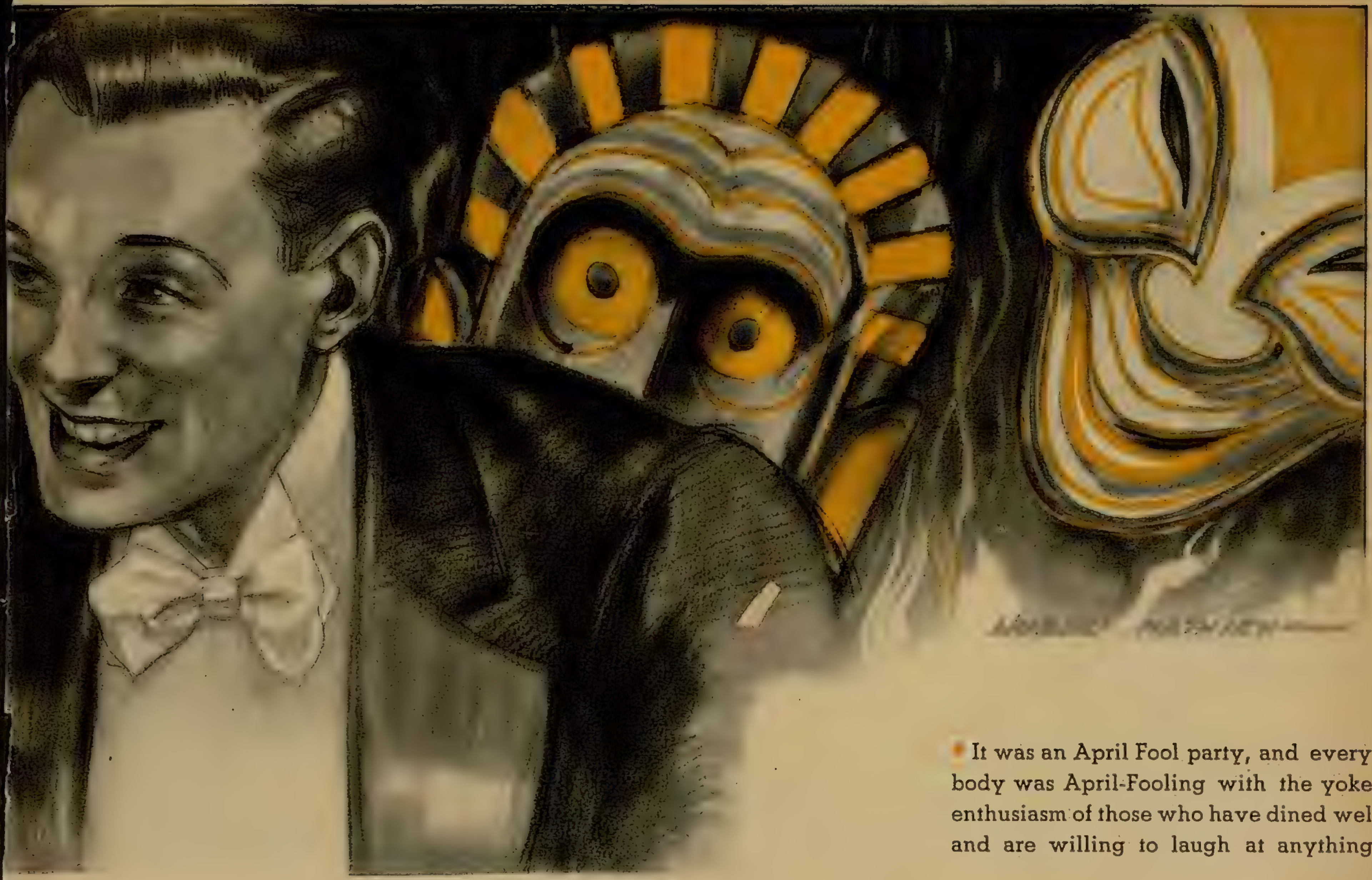
Eager to shoulder the family worries as Ned busies himself with his work again, Frieda sets about reforming the stepchildren. She is successful in forcing Artie to return to his studies under a private tutor when she secretly gives him financial aid in a gambling debt. In doing so, however, she violates her pledge never to conceal things from Ned. Doris's affair with a gigolo called Hippy is next to fall under Frieda's campaign guns. But pert Doris takes this interference none too mildly, and while she forgets the gigolo and announces her intentions of marrying Joe Wirth, a likable lad, son of a wealthy Los Angeles family, she voices her threats of vengeance on Frieda.

Ned's reward for his months of hard work comes on the day Artie leaves to enter Chicago University, when he is notified that his design for Sylvia Center has been accepted. It is then that Frieda confesses her secret of aiding Artie. Ned forgives her but reveals that Artie has confessed everything earlier. A few weeks later, at a lavish church ceremony at which Kirk Bailey acts as ring-holder, the same role he filled at Frieda's wedding, Joe and Doris are married.

With the family troubles settled, Frieda secretly yearns for a child of her own, but does not confide in Ned, who has become completely absorbed in his work, even to the point of neglecting her. She realizes his attitude on the subject, however, when he shows his utter contempt at news from Doris telling him she is going to have a baby.

PART SIX—"BREAKING JAIL"

EDMUND PIERSON, as a public man, led an intensely social life. He was the favored young man of the parties they went to. Most of the heads around him were



It was an April Fool party, and everybody was April-Fooling with the yokel enthusiasm of those who have dined well and are willing to laugh at anything.

THE HUSBAND. "PLAY WITH ME," SAID THE
COMES A CRISIS IN THIS ARRESTING NOVEL

by

WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

gray or bald under the spreading lights of the big rich houses where they dined. Old people pay for houses as a rule, and Ned knew his clientele. Old ladies doted on him, called him a "naughty boy" coquettishly when he pranked with them or called them by their first names.

Mrs. McComas, one of San Francisco's wealthiest widows, would simper feelingly when Ned told her, "If Frieda hadn't grabbed me first I'd have been your fate, Mother Mac." Nobody but Ned dared call this very great lady Mother Mac.

The solid sort of people dined with the Piersons at their house, complimenting Ned on his very good Pontet Canet, on the beautiful Mrs. Pierson, on the best food in San Francisco. "The beautiful Mrs. Pierson"—Ned would smack his lips over the title—"learned to cook in Detroit. Henry Ford taught her how."

He was proud of her and the flurry she created everywhere she went. She was proud of herself, too; of going with Ned where his business called him, and keeping up her end of his social game.

Yet, alone in the house, waiting, waiting for Ned, a new restlessness would seize her, make her wish for the silliest sort of things. She and Ned would learn to fly. Or they'd pack up and go to Arabia to ride camels. Depending, of course, on when Sylvia was finished. Sylvia, Sylvia—always Sylvia! The building had taken on personality. She was a beauty and a tyrant around whom their lives centered. But when she was standing, a vast goddess over San Francisco Bay, then maybe she'd let them alone.

Yes, Frieda decided; flying would be more fun than camel trips. They'd go in for daredevil stunts, the way Kirk did.

Funny about Kirk—he never wrote or telephoned or anything. If he ever came up to San Francisco, he didn't let them know, as he had promised he would. That was all right. She didn't want to see Kirk. What did she want? She was the happiest woman in the world. Brilliant Ned, beautiful Ned, famous Ned. Just to talk to him, when she could, and let him love her, when he had time for love—that was enough. But if he'd only understand what it was she wanted.

"LET 'IM DROP BOYS, IT'S A FALSE ALARM!"

RIGHT, men. No innocent little blaze could produce fumes as overpowering as that stewy pipe and villainous tobacco.

Some men are like that: they smoke too-strong tobacco in a never-cleaned pipe until they haven't a friend left. Fortunately, the number of Sir Walter Raleigh fans grows by the hour: men who keep their briars tidy; men who prefer this mild blend of Kentucky Burleys that is calm on the tongue, tempting to the nose. There's a tin kept fresh for you in heavy gold foil at your dealer's. Try it—and Sir Walter will have another friend!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-54

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

. . . . FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later-Your Favorite Tobac

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

One night he found her up in her room, crying her head off. His look was so concerned. Had anything happened? No, nothing had happened. But she must tell him. She couldn't—she didn't know, herself.

"You've been going too hard, that's the trouble," he decided. "Let's cut out this society stuff. Let's be quiet for a while."

"Quiet?" she wailed. "I don't want to be quiet!"

But when he had petted and cajoled her back to something like common sense, she said, "I'm silly. I think it's the wind; it makes me nervous. Ned, can't we go some place where it's just noisy and dance a lot?"

"Oho!" So that was it. "Frieda, you've come to the man with the tickets," he said merrily. "Thursday night Mother McComas is giving a ball—she never gives a plain dance—giving a ball at the Fire Station." He always called the vast McComas house the Fire Station because, he said, it looked that way.

Ned could dance as well as anybody; he had shown that to Frieda two or three times. He didn't like it, though. He called it "exercise in bad air." Mother McComas's ball, where she was bringing out a flapper granddaughter in Victorian pomp, set him going, sometimes with Frieda, oftener with the wide rich ladies to whom he was a naughty boy.

Ned preferred to stand on the side lines, jollying Mother McComas until tears streamed from her eyes and her chins seemed to be slipping off.

As they drove back to North Beach, Frieda put her head on his shoulder and said, "This is the loveliest thing you ever did for me, Ned."

"But a little stiff—sort of old for you, wasn't it?"

"I enjoyed every minute of it," she said.

"I'll find something with a little pep in it, Freed, any time you feel that way. There's always one somewhere."

"Thank you, darling."

But she didn't ask him again.

DORIS was surprising as the April Fool's Day that brought her back. Returning from a round of golf with middle-aged army wives on the Presidio course, Frieda was in the hallway putting away her clubs when she heard a giggle and squeal from the living room. Nobody but Doris could sound like that.

Yes, there she was, all in flaming blue, on a couch by the fireplace. The young man nestling beside her, ardent, loverlike, was Joe. The picture was idyllic. Even at her distance, Frieda saw a new serenity in Doris's keen little face.

"Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Wirth!" cried Frieda, coming down, resolved to face the music merrily.

"Hello, Freed! Is the erring daughter forgiven and everything?"

She rushed up to Frieda, kissed her, wound her arms around her neck. The poison of Doris's hateful words, the last she had spoken to Frieda in this house, was washed away. So be it. And Doris *had* changed, in spite of the bravado and the slang which stuck like cockleburs.

Frieda kissed Joe. He looked so happy. "I've got a couple of weeks off," he said, "and we just suddenly flew up from Los Angeles."

"Did you fly your own plane?" asked Frieda, knowing very well that he hadn't.

Joe gave Doris one of his obedient looks and said, "Oh, no!"

"We had the fanciest pilot in the world," chimed Doris. "I'm nuts about him." She switched suddenly to Joe. "Isn't he sweet?" She had his head under her arm. "Doesn't he make you shriek with admiration?"

"Aw, Doris, please—" begged Joe.

"Who told you about him in the first place?" asked Frieda.

"You did, cat," said Doris. "Only you never know till you try. That's why I'm for trial marriages. But ours wasn't, was it, Joe?"

HER tinkle aroused a small unworthy suspicion in Frieda. What was she here for really? Yet, unreasoningly, the girl's slangy laughter woke a curiously responsive echo; crooning music at midnight; a pleasure deeper than brains, going on as long as the music lasted, then moving on to some more music somewhere else.

Frieda looked sharply at her stepdaughter. Was there something behind all this? A new campaign perhaps, with more possibilities for trouble?

She took Doris upstairs to tidy herself for Ned. They were in the room that used to be Doris's—the room where she had spoken so outrageously within the hour of her marriage. Now Frieda studied the small face in the mirror, intent on the comb running fastidiously through pinky curls. Yes, in spite of her patter, Doris had taken on a certain dignity. Frieda decided to accept her with reservations; the cut the girl had given her at their last parting hadn't healed in a day.

"I hear you like Los Angeles," she said.

"I'm dippy about it." Doris turned, her face like a flame. "And Joe's found the swankiest house in Beverly Hills. You'll adore it. When will you and dad come down?"

"Pretty soon, I hope. He's all tied up with that job now."

"Joe and I thought," said Doris, folding her hands and looking straight ahead of her, "that the place we're in is too near town. We want more room for the baby."

"Do you—do you want a baby, Doris?" Frieda's voice was small and thin.

"Do I? Freed, you'll never know—unless you're going to have one. You can't imagine—"

Then Frieda kissed her. . . .

When Ned came home, they were all in the living room waiting for him. He stood in the door, looked, threw up his hands, opened his mouth.

"April Fool!" shouted Doris.

"April Fool!" shouted Joe, and they fell upon him.

Then it was all bright confusion: Ned sitting on the couch with an arm around each of them; Matsu bringing in ceremonial cocktails; Doris refusing hers with a tart "A woman in my—ahem—condition"; Frieda racing down to the kitchen and cajoling old Shimba to make something extra nice for Doris-san; the living room gay with laughter and argument, the way a home should sound.

Doris was going strong, a little too strong perhaps, in her old way.

"Pop, how's the old pile of concrete getting on?" she shrieked affectionately.

"Oh, fair to middlin'," said Ned lightly.

"I saw your picture of it in the rotogravure. It's a flattering likeness, I'll bet. That's the way to sell tomatoes, pop. Put a portrait of a handsome tomato outside the can—" His look was darkening, and Frieda switched the subject from tomatoes to housekeeping.

After dinner, when they had laughed and talked themselves out and coffee was going around, Doris said:

"But I don't have to cut out dancing yet. Isn't that perfectly heavenly of the doctor?"

"Obstetrically speaking," grinned Ned, "there are no baby doctors in heaven. What's on your mind, honey?"

"Well, we thought it would be swell to go to the Aldebro Country Club dance. They're giving a million-dollar housewarming."

"Nice building, the Aldebro," said Ned dispassionately. "Swain Wagner did it. Good job."

"I don't care if Upton Sinclair did it," chirped Doris. "What I mean, why don't you jump into your tails and come along? Do you good. Stimulate the liver. What wouldn't it do for Freed, having some fun—"

"How 'bout it, Girl with the Iron Mask?" asked Ned, patting Frieda affectionately. "Want to break jail for a while?"

INSTEAD of laughing, as the others did, Frieda looked at him coldly. "What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"Stop clawing my old man," said Doris, embracing him. "He means you're loose, that's what. And you come too, pop."

"Oh, count me out," he said. "I danced at my ninetieth birthday, and enough's enough."

"I wouldn't think of going," said Frieda.

"Oh, run along," said Ned. "I've brought a horrible batch of work home with me."

Doris was telling them to stop being coy. Joe was urging, "Aw, come on, Mr. Pierson." Ned just grinned amiably. "Frieda, put on your silver gown and red slippers. Knock their eye out. It pays to advertise." Then, more seriously, "Go ahead, dear. You've got a party coming to you."

Why was Frieda so aflutter as she went to her room to change? There was nothing to get excited about. She had been to parties all her life; they had been as commonplace as morning cereal. Her fingers trembled a little fixing her hair. Then she realized that it wasn't excitement but rage that stirred her so. Ned hadn't wanted to go; he'd just put up a show. Here was something he'd never tried to give her. And when he saw how crazy she was to step out a little he'd called her the Girl with the Iron Mask.

The Girl with the Iron Mask!

Good grief! Ned might have said he'd go, without making all that to-do. He'd brought his work home with him again. Of course. The whole house was becoming a damned office. If he wanted to, he could dance as well as anybody. No wonder he was out of practice. Work, work, work! And why did he keep referring to himself as ninety years old? He looked younger than Kirk when he wasn't grinding all night at that old building.

WHAT'S the matter with me? she was thinking, maybe for the hundredth time that month. Almost automatically she had put on the silver gown and red slippers Ned had suggested. This didn't occur to her until she saw her reflection in the long mirror. I won't wear these things, she thought; he can't tell me what to wear!

She turned, and saw Ned in the doorway calmly admiring her.

"Freed, that's lovely," he said, his sensitive eyes drinking in the color and proportions of her. "That's the outfit you wore at Mother McComas's. I think I'll have you painted in it."

"Thank you." And she was thinking, Girl with the Iron Mask—breaking jail.

"What's the matter with you, Freed?" Gently he took her by the bare shoulders and faced her around.

"Nothing's the matter." She tried not to look at him. "What's the matter with you?"

"With me?"—incredulously.

"The way you spoke to me."

"What about?"

"Calling me the Girl with the Iron Mask."

"That was a joke, Frieda. Where's the old s. of h.?"

"It doesn't always work, Ned. I didn't like that. Do I look like a woman who thinks she's in jail?"

"Oh, Frieda, for heaven's sake!"

"No, I mean it. I wouldn't stay anywhere I didn't want to. I can go anywhere I want to, if I want to. I'm not tied up—not to anybody—"

"Frieda"—he was still holding to her shoulders, and his voice was lower—"isn't it natural that I should want you to go with the youngsters and step out once in a while? You're young, my darling. It's not such a long time since I was your age. I'd go with you, honey, but I'm busy as hell, right up to my neck. Why don't you play around a little the next couple of weeks? Then I'll be out of this jam."

300 YEARS AGO

Within a few years after the Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower, Old Boston was beginning to play its great part in American History.

Old Mr. Boston, a grand American gin, respects the fine old name. It's made in the shadow of Boston's historic spots, and is making history for gin value and fine flavor.

"AS SMOOTH AS OLD BRANDY"

OLD MR. BOSTON
1 PINT
90 PROOF
Distilled Dry Gin
"as smooth as old brandy"
DISTILLED BY
Ben Burk Inc.
BOSTON MASS.

OLD MR. BOSTON DRY GIN

"I said I didn't want to go," Frieda said stubbornly.

Now he laughed, his unworried pleasant laugh, and shook her gently.

"That's what the wild horses say; but they go just the same. Stop being a mule, my sweet. And give us a kiss."

She kissed him. Some of her lipstick came off on his mouth. They were both laughing when she pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and rubbed away the gory smear. . . .

It was an April Fool party. A little before midnight, and everybody was April-Fooling with the yokel enthusiasm of those who have dined well and are willing to laugh at anything. An immense crowd in an immense reception room smelling of fresh paint. A sign with a pointing arrow said, LADIES' CLOAK ROOM; follow it and you were in the men's locker room. Lockers would crash open, hideously masked faces would stick out and say, "Cuckoo!" then disappear with a metallic clang.

Feather dusters to tickle your neck, crackling things to go off in your ear, people wearing paper caps and dodging unexpected atrocities. "All good clean fun," said Doris, snorting with joy. A fidgety, noisy, excited atmosphere. On the platform was the best dance orchestra in San Francisco, recruited from the one Hippy had organized, perhaps, before he vanished with his family cares.

Doris seemed to be looking around for somebody. She muttered about deceptive males and disappeared for a time. She returned triumphant, leading a tall man topped by a sky-blue baby's bonnet.

"April Fool!" she shouted, and put Kirk Bailey's red hand into Frieda's.

"April Fool!" said Frieda none too brightly. So this was the little joke Doris was putting over. Doris was trilling:

"Kirk's the handsome pilot that flew us up the coast. He's simply murderous when he flies. Some day we'll be found dead, him and me, beside our broken plane. Come on, Joe. Unless you've stopped loving me, that's a swell waltz."

Kirk stood smiling down at Frieda, square white teeth gleaming between full red lips. Hawaiian teeth, thought Frieda in that flash. Whatever it was that Doris was up to, Frieda was glad to see Kirk again, gladder than she'd thought she would be.

"Well," she laughed, "it's April Fool all right."

"Meaning this damn cap?" He threw it away. "I never did like fancy-dress stuff."

"No," she said. "I mean this sudden way of dropping out of the sky. Here today, there tomorrow."

"Yes," he agreed moodily. "I guess that's me. Ned here too?"

"No. I came with Joe and Doris."

Kirk's face brightened. "Say, that's a swell waltz. Shall we?"

NOW her head was against his shoulder, his strong sure arm guiding her. It was like poetry, dancing with Kirk. Nobody could dance like Kirk, not with Frieda. Every step, every turn matched perfectly, instinctively. People on the boat said that they were made to dance together.

"Who're you going to marry, Kirk?"

"Nobody," he said brusquely. "That's off."

"Oh. I didn't know it was on."

"Bobbie," he said; "the girl you met in Honolulu."

"Oh." She leaned back to look up at him. His full gray eyes expressed nothing. "You couldn't hit it off, you mean?"

"I'll say we couldn't!" Then, without missing a beat, "Mother bluffed us into it. She's going in for good government, you know."

"What's good government got to do with it?"

But the crowd was growing too thick for talk. Even Kirk's skill couldn't avoid an occasional bump.

After the encore he said, "Let's follow the crowd. Everybody's thirsty." When they came to a sign TO THE BAR he said, "Hey, don't pay any attention." They took the one that said TO THE STREET and were part of a mob milling around a long bar. Two clowns were serving, and when you asked for champagne they gave you ginger ale. "Ginger ale for two," commanded Kirk, and they got champagne. "I've been here before," he said, grinning.

She saw Doris elbow her way through with Joe and two other men. "Champagne," she shrilled, and stuck out her tongue at the clowns solemnly pouring ginger ale. She, too, had been here before.

"Kirk, is she really happy with Joe?"

"They're the talk of Los Angeles. Perfectly mushy."

"I'm tickled to death. I wasn't so sure."

"I guess it's the baby," said Kirk, and to the clowns: "Here, two more ginger ales." He drank again, silently, then turned to her and laughed, "I suppose you've got one of your own parked somewhere?"

"Don't be silly, Kirk." She felt the blood mounting to her face. She reached nervously for her glass.

"But why's that silly?" he insisted in his old stubborn way.

"Well, then, it's impertinent."

"AW, Freed, don't get sore. Married people seem to go in for that sort of thing. I mean, it's sort of natural. You're young, you're—"

"What did you try to tell me about your mother and good government?" she broke in sharply.

"Oh, that. Well, she's on a ticket to reform Pasadena and Los Angeles and Hollywood. Haywire."

"What's that got to do with—what's her name?"

"Bobbie Wright? Oh, the Wrights and mother are hot for the same ticket. It was just close harmony, hauling Bobbie in—a kind of plot to make me cut out flying and go in for heavy politics. Tie that!"

"Poor Kirk."

"Oh, that's all right; I won't." He held up two fingers.

"More ginger ale." Frieda shook her head, but Kirk pulled a full glass across the bar.

"Bobbie's all right," he said suddenly. "But I don't seem to fall much for any girl—I mean the right sort—not since—" He whistled the rest, merged it into the waltz from the ballroom. "Shall we?"

The hours spun by, threads spun from a silver spool. I oughtn't to dance with him so much, she thought, and danced again. Once, for conscience's sake, she danced with Joe, whose rhythm never quite matched the orchestra's. She tried it with the few other men she knew, but they were older—lumberjacks compared to Kirk. Then again with Kirk. Once, buoyed in his arms, she thought, I've had too much champagne. But it's wonderful. Kirk thought I'd have a baby by now. Everybody thinks so, probably. How sweet Doris looked this afternoon, telling about her own!

Going in to supper, Frieda tried to swing away from everything but froth. "Well, Kirk, we've done our best to open up this clubhouse, haven't we?"

"I don't care," he said moodily, "if the old thing burns down."

"Ungrateful unappreciative you! Didn't you come up here especially to dedicate it?" She laughed foolishly.

"I came up here"—he turned on her savagely—"to see you. That's the kind of nut I am."

She didn't answer right away. She had the pleasant sensation of being swept along, irresponsible again, and very, very young. She was fond of Kirk, and she liked him at parties. Too bad about him and his girl. But he'd find somebody and be happy—look at the way marriage had straightened Doris out.

Their table was in a corner. April Fool was past; it was growing into the morning of the second. The practical jokers were noisy but no longer practical. One of the Bohemian Club's famous amateurs held the floor, impersonating a Portuguese chicken farmer whose coops were too near a concrete works—and the hens laid nothing but marble nest eggs. It was funny, but lobster Newburg was more satisfying. Kirk ate plentifully, with his usual appetite.

Radiating satisfaction with his food, his drink, his girl, the world in general, Kirk cocked an eye at her.

"Glad to see me?"

"Of course I am."

"I mean, are you glad I came?"

Frieda laughed. "How could I see you if you hadn't?" She was aware that she was dodging something, not quite sure what it was.

"I mean, are you glad I came to see you?" Something in his low voice, his quickly averted eyes, warned her definitely now.

She laughed again, more diffusely. "You didn't come to see me, Kirk."

"Why didn't I?" His eyes suggested the astronomer's "death stars," brilliant and poisonous.

"Because that would be so silly. You're a bright guy. You wouldn't waste your time chasing around after a woman who was married."

"I'm not chasing you, Frieda. Don't think that. But, baby, your marrying busted me wide open. You see, Frieda, if I could just get it through my head that you really are married—"

"I am, Kirk. Really, truly, forever."

"I know. But if I can just see you married—see you a lot, and understand that you're off the boards—see?—then maybe I could get you out of my head. I'm messing this up, Frieda. But you understand, don't you?" He was simple and appealing as a child; only a heart of stone could have laughed at him then.

"I sort of do, Kirk." Spoken tenderly, matter-of-factly.

"Then wouldn't you play with me a little? Do some of the things we used to do—and it would be all different. I'd get it then. And maybe I could stop thinking about you. That way."

What he said perhaps did not quite make sense, but Frieda was moved. Being the cause of an aching heart has sublimated lesser vanities than hers. She said nothing. She was feeling intensely and chaotically.

KIRK went on: "Now that's off my chest. We'll never mention it again. But—" And the but was large as he said it. "How about sliding over to Berkeley for the tennis tomorrow? There's going to be a grand match. Would you go with me?" Now his voice was healthy and natural, vibrant with enthusiasm.

"I'd love to!" Quickly, decisively.

"Swell. S'pose I pick you up around noon and we lunch somewhere first? I know a hotsy place—"

"That sounds good too."

"Sure Ned wouldn't mind?"

"Sure." The idea that Ned should mind her seeing a kid like Kirk seemed too preposterous, too far beneath his grandeur and dignity.

"I'll drop around about noon. Say, Freed, you're a swell egg. Gosh, it's grand seeing you again!"

"It's grand seeing you, Kirk."

And they danced once more. Only Doris's plucking Frieda's arm as they passed, with "Listen, woman, in my condition I take my breakfast in bed," suggested that parties must end.

Kirk went with them to the door. "Tomorrow about noon?"

"Yes," said Frieda, and let him put her in the car.

She told Doris about the tennis. "He's not such a bad egg if you scramble him right," said Doris, and went to sleep on Joe's shoulder. . . .

Frieda had hoped that Ned would be asleep when she came in; but through the door between their rooms she saw his light. She looked. In brilliant blue pajamas, he was propped against the pillows, reading. The bedside lamp cast a circle of brightness around him; books and sheets of paper spilled from the table to the floor. Work, work, study, study! She could even read the title of the wide book his delicate hands held up, half obscuring his face—Streamline in Architectural Detail.

SHE took a step toward him, a little scared, a little guilty. She wished she hadn't taken so much champagne and had got home earlier. Then resentfully she wondered if it made any real difference to him when she came in. He was so deep in his book that he seemed not to hear her. His fine lean face, his thin distinguished nose, gave him the look of a student Medici. Horn-rimmed glasses added a touch of severity. For a moment she looked at him, trying to read into his serious face the glamour of yesterday. "Ned!" she whispered.

"Hello, darling—back so soon?" He seemed to be coming toward her, reluctantly, from star lengths away. "My goodness, you sneaked up on me so, I thought you were a ghost!"

"You ought to be asleep," she said, aware of the wine in her cheeks, the excitement in her eyes. "It's awfully late."

He looked at the bedside clock. "Only quarter past four. Have a good time?"

"It was fun," she said, "and the silliest party I ever went to."

"Who was there?"

"Oh, everybody"—she named a lot of names—"and Kirk Bailey."

"Kirk? I didn't know he was in town." Smiling in the abstracted way he had when he was thinking of his work.

"I was awfully surprised. But it was lucky for me that he came. He danced with me a lot. In fact, if he hadn't been there I might have had a pretty thin time."

She didn't go on to say that the men she had met through Ned were too old to dance much. Perhaps he felt her thinking it. He said:

"Well, I'm glad he was there. I like you to have a good time. How was Kirk, anyway?"

"Same as ever. Popping with parties. Ned, couldn't you get away tomorrow afternoon and go over to Berkeley? Kirk wants us to go to the tennis. He says it's going to be marvelous." This wasn't strictly true, but if Kirk really wanted to see her married, surely the best way was to see her with Ned. Besides, she didn't really like anything so very much without Ned.

"Darling, I couldn't get away to go to heaven!"

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"It would do you good, Ned. You're working too hard."

"It's fine for me. I thrive on it. No; you run along with Kirk and come home and tell me about it."

"Sure you don't mind?"

"Mind? Why should I mind? I like you to have a good time."

"That's sweet of you, dear."

She stood over him, her head a little unsteady with champagne, wondering if he really did mind, and if he didn't why he didn't, feeling an odd blankness. Didn't he care any more, terribly, jealously, the way he had in the beginning? It would have been more comforting if he had spit out at Kirk and his crudities, his stupidities, the way he had done in Hawaii. She thought of that, sketchily, raggedly; she heard him saying:

"I wish I could go—but I can't go anywhere that isn't official for a while yet. You see, Frieda, winning this competition was just the beginning."

In fairly elementary terms he explained to her the enormous amount of work that must follow on the award—that he had to make his idea come true in terms of tangible actuality. If he slipped, even a little, his pride would suffer irreparably; perhaps even his reputation. If he really did it—if he really made that building live as he felt it—it would give him a new power inside himself; the enormous enhancement of his prestige, his advancement to possible international importance, he mentioned, not slightingly but without the fervor which animated his conception of the work itself. "I've got to do my very best, Frieda. I've got to give everything that's in me. And a little more."

Frieda felt something new; this passion of the impersonal stirred her more deeply than anything that had ever touched her. "I want you to. So much, Ned!" She spoke very quietly. She couldn't move much beyond the emotion which held her, constricting her heart, her breathing even.

HE reached for her hands, drew her down to kiss him. For that moment they were one, indivisibly. She loved it; she tried to hold it. He said:

"Darling, you're cold. Get under a blanket before you freeze."

Exaltation faded, draining her. A fuse had blown somewhere, negating the strong light that had buoyed and drenched her. A very personal, very small thought substituted it, meanly.

Other times, when she was cold, he had pulled her into his bed, snuggled her warm. Now, with a look, with a flicker of invitation, she would have kicked off the scarlet slippers and laid herself happily close to him. But nothing made her feel that he wanted her. Already he was fingering the heavy book. She did not move; she was rooted in bewilderment.

"Why do you stand there like a silver angel?" His voice touched her cruelly on something raw. She turned away sharply, an arm flung over her face. She knew she was suffering—she couldn't have told how or why.

"What's the matter, Frieda?"

"I don't know," rather painfully.

"You're tired, dear; that's all. Now go get some sleep. You've had one good party, and you're going to have another tomorrow. I love you to have a good time, Frieda. I love you to be young." He pulled her down to him, smothered her with kisses; he must have felt the flaccid resistance of her body. "Isn't that what you want, dear? Isn't it?"—close to her ear, tenderly.

ON an impulse born of night and champagne and tired nerves, she jerked away from him. Her fingers dug his arms, holding him off. She laughed crazily.

"You know what I want! You know I don't care a hang about parties and running around like a fool, getting nowhere, wasting myself, wasting this precious youth you talk so much about. You don't care! You don't care at all. If you did—"

He sat up in bed, his face sharpened with earnestness. "What do you want, Frieda? I'll give it to you. Anything. Anything that's possible."

"I've told you. I've told you over and over!" Weary, passionate, almost despairing.

"No, Frieda. Or I would know." Very gently, very positively.

Suddenly calm, she said: "I want a baby, Ned."

The heaviness of his silence seemed to defeat her. It was an effort that carried her on: "I've tried to tell you that a hundred times. I couldn't just come out and say it. It isn't fair to me, Ned—it isn't—"

The rush of injustice seemed to stifle her. She was sobbing queerly, silently, far inside. He seemed not to know she was there. He lay still, like a king on a tomb, staring past her with stone eyes.

"Frieda," he said at last, slowly, "don't you really love me? Is that it?"

"You know I love you. But sometimes, just for a second, I hate you. And I adore you. I adore you! Only—" Once more she turned away.

He didn't speak for a moment which for Frieda was a lifetime. Then with bruising dispassion he said:

"Why should we spoil something beautiful by not letting it alone? Why can't we go on living for each other, the way we're doing now? Isn't it enough, Frieda?"

"Oh, God, I can't make you understand anything!" Her cheeks were burning up.

"Try to, Frieda. I want to know."

She floundered in her confusion. And then words, bright, mean, resentful words, streamed through her mouth: "That's a lot of tosh, saying it would spoil something beautiful. Isn't a baby beautiful? You've got your work. What have I got? Of my own? My very own? You're a man, and maybe you can't see the difference it makes. But I'm a woman. And I'm young. I'm—"

"I'm not a hundred myself."

His low laugh hurt because she knew she had hurt him. It was rotten to have said that—to have put in actual nasty words that gulf of years she had ignored to take his love. She blundered appeasingly:

"You're not anything—in age, I mean. You'll always be young, just being what you are. That's not it, Ned. It's—" Her mouth was opened to frame what she wanted to say, but no words came. She couldn't find ones simple and true and kind enough.

Now he was talking: "Frieda, you feel that I'm not fair to you. You feel that I'm cheating you."

"No, Ned. No. But—" Again that breathlessness, that helplessness.

"Yes, you do. Let me tell you my side of it. Will you listen?"

"Yes; I want to know."

He indicated a spot where she should sit on his bed; he tossed a corner of the quilt around her.

"I was a kid when my children were born. I was at the time of life when babies—well, they're just a part of it. They come along, and it's all natural as eating. The worry and the trouble don't amount to much when you're that age—the natural age of child breeding."

"But, Ned—I—"

His hand went up, delicately, powerfully. "Maybe you think I'm selfish. But I'm thinking of you too. You are a very beautiful and perfect thing." His mouth was bitter when he said: "Doris and Artie, between them, killed their mother, I firmly believe. You see what they are. You've had to stand them for a year."

Frieda felt horribly sorry for them. "Oh, they're all right."

"They're awful." Terse and definitive.

"But our baby wouldn't be like that. Our baby—"

"That's the woman of it, darling."

"But I'm right, Ned. I know!"

"Perhaps. Then call me selfish."

"But you're not. You're the most generous man in the world. But, Ned, try to see it my way. Try to see how proud I'd be to have your child. Try—"

He closed his eyes wearily. "I've gone through it all once. I can't go through it again. I can't do it! I'm beyond the child-breeding age. Let me leave that behind me—and it's mostly heartbreak. I've reached the time when a man's life must be his work—"

Frieda's heart seemed to stop.

"And you, my darling. You're the biggest part of it. If you only knew, Frieda, how much you've given me. I'm a better man in every way—twice as good an architect—"

Now she lay on his breast, her mouth over his. But it wasn't an unthinking bliss.

She, Frieda, had made him a better man, twice as good an architect. Her love, pouring through him, had built him up as he had built his splendid dreams. He had touched her pride, her vanity. What was the denial of her womanhood to the complementing of his genius? What could be more important than this—to be close to the heart that was glorified in work? She saw now, if only for a passionate flash, why he felt so about the baby. Already she thought of it as "the baby," as though it were already born. And it never will be! This love of mine won't live again, and forever—with his heartbeats throbbing against her breast. She listened, she counted; it might have been one heart—one great heart. . . .

When she had undressed she came back to him. He was nearly asleep, but she lay in his arms until she too slept. When she woke he was gone. The room, in the morning fog, looked messy and dim. Her head ached. She hoped that Kirk had a hangover and wouldn't show up.

But Kirk does show up. And the innocent interludes Frieda enjoys with him later serve to cushion her heartaches and disillusionments but also result in another nasty break with Ned. Don't miss the thrilling incidents surrounding this all-important episode revealed in next week's installment.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ½ **SEVEN POOR MEN OF SYDNEY** by Christina Stead. D. Appleton-Century Company.

The teller of The Salzburg Tales repeats with a unique novel of low life in Australia; a tragedy of futile lives burnt up by passion and drink while they fiddle for "success."

★ ★ **LIVES OF THE ROMAN EMPRESSES** by Jacques de Serviez; Introduction by Robert Graves. William H. Wise & Co.

How forty-eight Caesars looked to their wives, mistresses, and mothers. The real story of the women behind the rulers of the Roman Empire.

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Admirers of the daring and intrepid Hugh Drummond will find an evening full of thrills and high adventure in this story of his latest and most dangerous exploit.

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Vox Pop

BASEBALL FOR GRANDFATHER

▪ INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Please, Liberty! No more articles like Those Dizzy, Daffy Deans, by Dick Williams, in the February 16 issue. In this modern age we can get along nicely without ballplayers and details of their private lives and idiosyncrasies.

Baseball was all right in the Gay Nineties, but we have outgrown it. It's old-fashioned. Nobody of any consequence cares about it. A few backward persons in the larger cities are under the impression that it is our national game. These are of no account. Like baseball players, they are of no economic value as citizens. They are throwbacks to the horsehair-watchchain and mustache-cup era.

Dick Williams may be an accomplished writer and a gentleman—albeit a gentleman of the old school. Yes, a misguided old gentleman who imagines that boys of today are still playing baseball.

Baseball may have been good enough for my grandfather, but it's only good enough for grandfathers now.—*A Modern High School Youth.*

NO PUBLIC ENEMIES?

▪ CORNWALL, N. Y.—In his March 9 article, Our Crime School—The County Jail, Will Irwin refers to a criminal as a public enemy.

I believe it should be known by every one that a public enemy can only be an organized force with which a nation is at war, or pirates upon the high seas. This is a very common mistake made by most newspapers with their Public Enemy Number One stories.—*R. M. G., New York Military Academy.*

RED MAN'S WORSHIP

▪ SOUTH COFFEYVILLE, OKLA.—After reading A New Deal for the Red Man, in March 2 Liberty, my great-grandfather, who is not red in the face because of sunburn, said: "Ugh. Not wantum New Deal. Just wantum first deal."—*Clarence Arrowfoot.*

▪ LAWRENCE, KAN.—Mr. Robert Gessner, in his article A New Deal for the Red Man, states that "in 1921 the Indian Bureau accelerated the prosecutions of Indian religions which had been going on for some time."

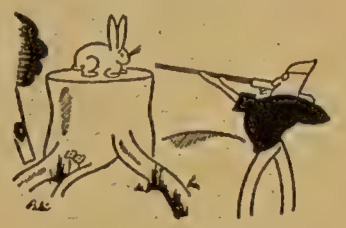
I have spent twenty-five years as missionary in the Indian country and have yet to see any Indian official prosecuting so-called religious ceremonies, either pagan or Christian, as an Indian offense. Every one, regardless of race or creed, has a constitutional right to worship according to the dictates of his conscience. —*G. E. E. Lindquist.*

BEST PREPARED NATION

▪ LACEY, WASH.—One hears a great deal anent world peace and preparedness these days. The big question seems to be: How can it be done?

Here is my suggestion: Instead of wasting billions of dollars on our CCC boys for playing hide-and-seek with the rabbits in our national forests, let those same funds be employed to establish aviation schools throughout this country and then enroll every willing and able-bodied lad and lass of our great army of unemployed in these schools. Give them the same wages they now receive in the CCC camps for attending these schools. The courses offered should lead to a commercial pilot license.

This plan would give a well merited boost to an infant industry and create new jobs for the unemployed. A new hope and enthusiasm would grip the rising generation and we would achieve, as a nation, not only commercial supremacy in the air, but would be the best prepared nation on earth if war came.—*L. P. Hansen.*



HOW ABOUT "AIN'T"?

▪ HAWLEY, PA.—Will you please inform Marguerite Roberts, who wrote Triangle in March 2 Liberty, that it is no more awkward, absurd, or ridiculous to say "Are I not" than it is to say "Aren't I"? Her usual woman's excuse will probably be that she is not the only one who uses the expression. Sad but true, and by popular authors whom one would reasonably expect to know better.—*M. T. T.*

WHY MUST THE SHOW GO ON?

▪ PONTIAC, MICH.—The many interesting, lively, and informative articles which Liberty has presented on personages of the theater bring to mind the phrase "The show must go on!"

That much-abused expression is supposed to represent a glorious stage tradition. But—why *must* the show go on?

Suppose the show did *not* go on? Horror of horrors! Would the resulting reaction mean an incalculable loss to the world? Would the failure of a performer, an act, or a show set civilization back a couple of decades?

I hardly think so. Yet, theater folk would have us believe something of that sort. Bosh!

Of course, if our weekly issue of Liberty fails to get here—now, that *would* be a calamity.—*Greer Williamson.*

FIG TREE

▪ FALLS CHURCH, VA.—I am not given to criticism, but when a writer as well known as Wallace Irwin, in his first installment of She Made Her Bed (March 9 Liberty) refers to an ancient fig tree over seventy feet tall, I'm up in arms. According to the best authorities in the world, there never grew, at any time in the world's history, a fig tree over eighteen feet high.—*J. N. Steed.*

PUFFS AND REBUFFS

▪ WESTFIELD, N. J.—James Warner Bellah's Passport to Hell (concluded in March 9 Liberty) was the most original and thrilling story I've ever read, and I've read plenty.—*B. Knauff.*

▪ FRANKLIN, IND.—Eighty per cent of Liberty's article writers think they cannot be effective unless they throw in a lot of profanity. It certainly shows a depraved sense of humor.—*K. B. C.*

▪ ANASCO, PUERTO RICO—Congratulations to Adela Rogers St. Johns for The Private Life of Ginger Rogers in February 2 Liberty.—*Daphne Barrow.*

▪ BOSTON, MASS.—It is a disgrace to insult a reader's intelligence with such trash as Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles. It spoils the whole issue. —*Marguerite Perry.*

▪ DETROIT, MICH.—Your editorials are the only items worth reading. They take me about five minutes. That's one cent per minute. Pretty expensive!—*W. P. Wilkins.*

HEN RELIEF

▪ STEWARTVILLE, MINN. — The government decreased the gold content of the dollar and thereby saved a lot of money, or made a lot of money, or something.

Now why don't the Brain Trusters, aided and abetted by Congress, decrease the wheat content of the bushel—say from sixty pounds to thirty pounds?

I am sure this would be constitutional, and the same principle could be applied to other produce. Six or eight eggs could constitute a dozen for sale purposes—but not for making angel food. —*J. W. H.*

CURVES AHEAD!

▪ PERU, NEB.—No Food with My Meals, by Fannie Hurst, in February 23 and March 2 Liberty, might contain a great gospel of truth, but what would happen to the wheat industry if every one followed her advice?

Wheat products are completely snubbed. Likewise most of the other energy-giving foods. Not for me, Fannie! Let those who will feast on crumbs and two or three polka-dotted amoebas, but I'm sticking to my steaks and mashed potatoes—and may the curves fall where they will!—*Fed Up.*

▪ ORONDO, WASH.—Nowadays a man hasn't time to put on excess weight, so why bother him with such material as Fannie Hurst's diet? After all, men as well as women read Liberty. —*H. B. C.*

IMPROVES WITH AGE

▪ TUCUMCARI, N. M.—When I finished reading a Liberty I found in my old rocking chair recently, I was so pleased with its contents that I remarked to my children of the many merits to be found in the "new" issue. Imagine my surprise when they told me it was a 1933 number they had discovered hidden away in the cellar!—*A. Letcher.*

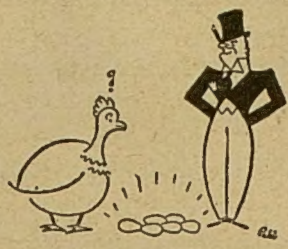
DON'T PULL A CAT'S TAIL

▪ SEATTLE, WASH.—If the good Samaritan on his way to Jericho had been thinking of the stock market he would never have seen the man who fell among thieves lying by the wayside. The unemployed and destitute people today are like unto that fallen victim of the thieves. How? They fell among unscrupulous bankers and trust companies, stock-market and real-estate sharks and public-utilities crooks, money-greedy employers, and dishonest politicians.

Now those greedy ones who have the accumulated spoils of high finance surely will have to become the good Samaritans for their own welfare as well as that of the (fallen) unemployed and bilked victims.

If they do not, the victims may do away with any opportunities for greedy wolves to act the Samaritan.

Old adages say: A cornered rat fights back; Don't pull a cat's tail or it will scratch you. Self-preservation is bound to rule over all forms of profit and greed.—*Roy L. Knowles.*



SHOOT THE LAWYERS TOO?

▪ DANVILLE, ILL.—The manner in which the federal government has treated the lawyers of big-shot criminals is a shameful page in its history. Scarcely a day has gone by in the past year without the killing of some worthy bank-robbing or kidnaping client by the federal agents.

A criminal with a punctured gizzard has no use for a wizard of the bar, and vice versa.

The government has fed millions of other classes of American citizens, but by the killing of criminals it is taking the very bread from the mouths of the latters' lawyers.

A recent survey of the criminal lawyers throughout our land has disclosed that they are in a very sad state. Three chins, formerly on most of them, have shrunk to a mere anemic one. Jowls that were once exuberantly pink have turned a sickly yellow. And the savoir-faire of most of these poor unfortunates has dropped nearly to the vanishing point.

The federal government should stop killing the clients of criminal lawyers or shoot the lawyers also and put them out of their misery.—*Fred B. Mann.*

YOUR NOSE KNOWS

▪ PRINCETON, IDA.—There may be different ways of spelling a skunk's name, as argued by S. T. Burgess in February 16 Vox Pop, but there still remains one sure way of identifying one.—*Evon Guernsey.*

RIGHT ON THE CHIN

▪ MALVERN, ARK.—I was somewhat amused by Elizabeth West's championship of modern youth in her February 23 Vox Pop letter, which concluded with the remark that it is the youth of tomorrow on whose behalf we should feel concerned. Miss West by no means sets a precedent. It is the prerogative of age to question, criticize, and challenge youth.

The boys and girls of today will probably view the youth of another generation with alarm and wonder what the world is coming to. But how will the youth of tomorrow take it?

The only hope of the race is that they will take it as other generations have taken it—right on the chin!—*Minnie Benner.*

"HARD-HEADED MEN"

▪ SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In his March 2 editorial, And Finally the Workers Will Pay the Bills, Bernarr Macfadden says that depressions are not death-dealing—that this country has passed through many of them—but that all previous ones were handled by business, not governmental "fixers." The wild theories of Brain Trusters were not considered.

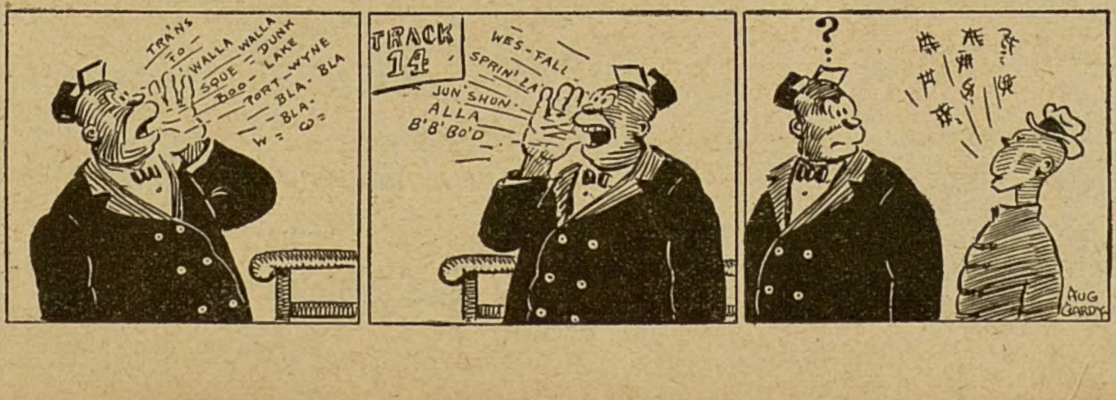
Practical, hard-headed men of business directed the forces that brought business back to normal.

Hard-headed men of business are too hard-headed for their own good. They have been offered the opportunity of self-regulation of their businesses, and have made a miserable failure of it by fighting among themselves and ignoring labor's rights in collective bargaining.

I, for one, do not wish to see a return to the old deal of unrestricted unfair business practices.—*L. M. K.*

WILL ROGERS—SMART CALF

▪ WEST HARTFORD, CONN.—In March 2 Vox Pop, W. D. Gay stated that he saw Will Rogers attempt to rope a calf—and miss. Will Rogers was a cowboy when the title meant something. He was raised with a rope in his hand. So if he missed it's certain no other mortal could have caught the calf. Incidentally, Will is the father of American trick roping.—*Happy Jack.*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Beginning

GYPSY LOVE SONG

A strange sequel to

STILL ALIVE

By

H. Bedford-Jones

GAME LAWS FOR CRIMINALS

By

Rupert Hughes

We protect everything except human life . . . Why not try a little holiday from murder?

Other stories and articles by Beatrice Grimshaw, Heywood Broun, B. C. Forbes, Ford C. Frick, and others

A
of flavor
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT

WE ASKED OUTDOOR PEOPLE:

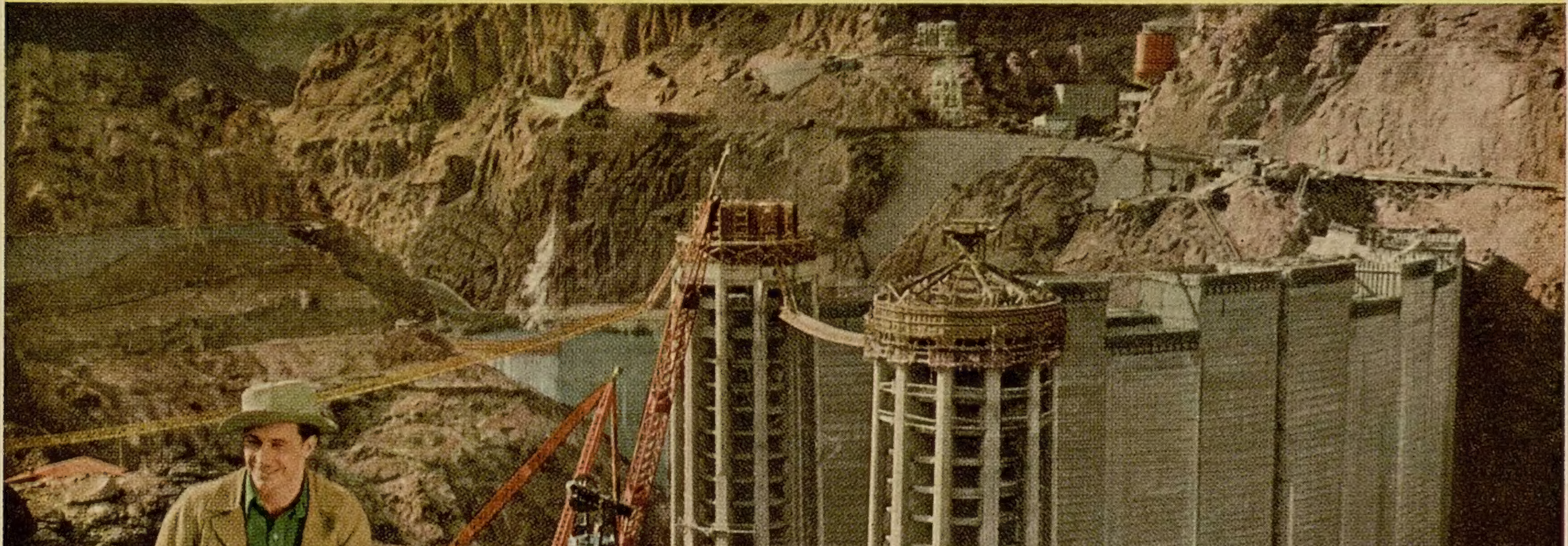
"Is this fact important to You?"—

"Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos.. Turkish and Domestic.. than any other popular brand."
(SIGNED) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

VALUE! "Camels are manufactured from costlier tobaccos," says Charley Belden, Wyoming rancher. "No wonder they have such a rich, cool flavor!"

MILDNESS! "I smoke Camels because they are mild — pleasing to my throat," says Miss Helene Bradshaw, an enthusiastic horsewoman.

HEALTHY NERVES! "I have smoked Camels for fourteen years, without a sign of upset nerves," says Bill Horn, former Gold Cup winner.



FLAVOR! "It's been thrilling to have a part in the vast enterprise of building Boulder Dam," says Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer. "Plenty of strain, too. When I get tired, there's nothing like a Camel. Man, what a swell taste Camels have! Mild, cool, and mellow! You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos, because they don't get 'flat' or tiresome in taste when you smoke a lot."

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